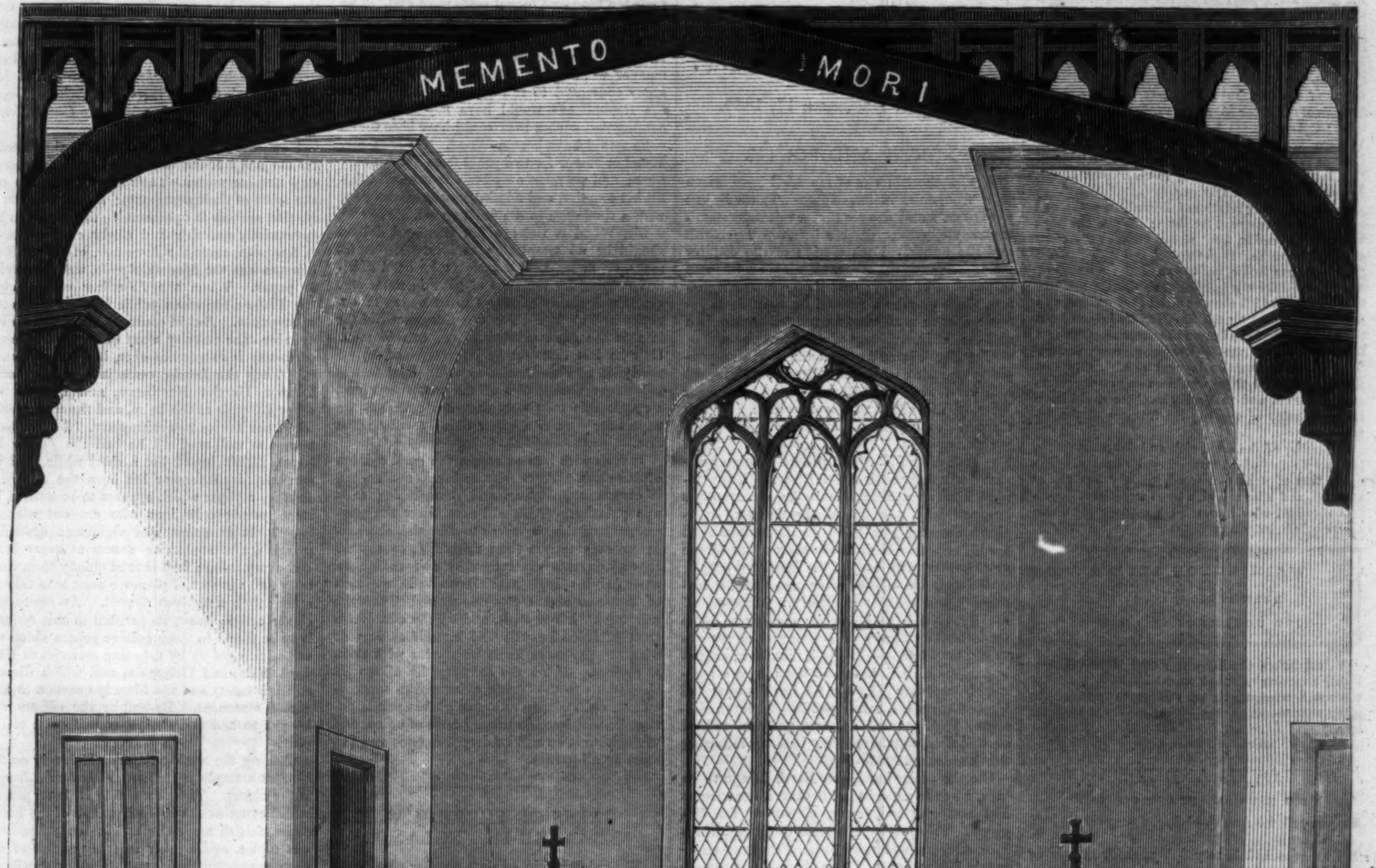
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 155.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT CHRIST CHURCH, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, AT THE BURIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FUNERAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

We engrave on the preceding page the burial-service performed on the 3d instant, at Christ Church, Tarrytown, over the body of the late Washington Irving.

The body was dressed in a plain black suit, with white cravat; and, as usual, the lid of the coffin was left open, in order that the mourners might obtain a last glance at the features of the deceased. At noon, on the 3d, the procession left Sunnyside for Tarrytown. About a thousand people, mostly from New York, were present; among them were many of the most distinguished literary men of the day, and a delegation from the Common Council of the City. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Dr. Creighton and his assistant, Mr. Spencer. The *Tribune* reporter thus describes the ceremony:

"In accordance with the often-expressed wish of Mr. Irving, the services were strictly in keeping with the beautiful form of the Church of England, with no unusual address or ceremony. A few minutes after one the coffin was brought up the south aisle, preceded by the Rev. Dr. Creighton and the Rev. Mr. Spencer, the latter of whom read the form, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord,' and the pall-bearers, of whom there were eight, as follows: Gouverneur Kemble, of Cold Spring, Putnam County, the oldest intimate friend of the deceased; Dr. J. G. Coggswell, Librarian of the Astor Library; Professor James Renwick; Colonel James A. Hamilton; Colonel James Watson Webb; Henry Shelton, Esq.; Messrs. George T. Morgan and Nathaniel B. Holmes—the two latter gentlemen being co-vestrymen of Mr. Irving, and his near friends.

"The mourning relatives followed the coffin, and took the seats reserved for them. While the body was being placed in front of the chancel, the choir chanted the anthem from the 39th and 90th Psalms, 'Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days.' Directly following, the Lesson familiar to all, from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, was impressively read by the Rev. Dr. Creighton. At the conclusion of the Lesson the choir sang the last three stanzas of the 26th Hymn, commencing, 'Behold, the unnumbered Angel host.' At its close the Rector stated there would be no more services at the church, and that all who chose could have an opportunity of viewing the features of the deceased.

"Passing up the south aisle and down the north, the people looked at the beloved remains. The coffin was of dark rose-wood, plainly but richly studded, and adorned with three wreaths of japonicas entwined with laurel. On a silver plate was the simple inscription:

WASHINGTON IRVING.
BORN APRIL 3, A.D. 1783.
DIED NOVEMBER 28, A.D. 1859.

"Just before the lid was closed, a ray of sunlight, shooting through the illumined glass of the south window, lit up the serene face with a glory that seemed the very reflex of the brighter land."

LOVED AND LOST.

"ICH HABE GELEBT UND GELIEBT."

So you tell me Annie's dying, dying all for love of me!
Spirits gone and beauty flying, cheek as pale as flesh may be;
And you sue me for your sister, telling me I shall repent,
I shall mourn her when I've missed her, when my present rage is spent.

Mabel Durham, rage no longer fires my spirit, shakes my frame;
There is yet a passion stronger, which I do not care to name,
Deeper in its root than many which more rapidly enslave:
Mabel, between me and Annie falls the shadow of a grave!

Ellen Vaughan, her rank forgetting, promised to become my bride;
Every night the sun in setting saw me whispering by her side—
Whispering 'mid her golden tresses, whispering in her trellised ear.
Ah! those days which memory blesses. Ah! these days so dark and drear!

Loved we with a love so holy, so intense and so entire,
Jealousy progressed but slowly, when she tried to thin its fire;
We were heart and heart together, love was unto love avowed.
Hast thou marked the summer weather specked by but one fleecy cloud?

That small cloud was Annie's raising. Ere its influence passed away,
I had marked Nell's bright eye glazing, seen her lithe form turn to clay;
She who would have fronted danger, learned at gossips' breath to pale,
She herself to doubt a stranger, sank beneath the slanderer's tale.

False and fickle then they called me, lightly wooing, lightly won;
Every woman's eye enthralled me, but my heart was caught by none;
I had proffered vows to many, whom I since had met with scorn;
I had whispered love to Annie, e'en while pledged to Ellen Vaughan!

Lies prevailed, and Ellen faded. I was absent. When I came,
But her closing eyes upbraided, scarce a word her lips could frame;
All she said was meek and loving, prayer that sin might be forgiven,
Not a sentence of reproving—peace on earth and hope in Heaven.

Ellen died, and then I learned it—learned what said the public liar!
Anger in my memory burned it, stamped it there in words of fire!
O'er her grave I swore detection, swift discovery of the hand
Which had stabbed my life's affection, which my death in life had planned.

Soon I knew my false accuser; Mabel, now you know her too.
Think you, e'en lest you should lose her, I could e'er your sister woo?
Vengeance I've foresworn; but never, to the latest hour of life,
Could I venture to forgive her, dream of making her my wife!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

HALF the troubles of mankind have arisen from misunderstandings. There is just now some small danger that a misunderstanding may engender trouble between the North and the South. Each section of the country misunderstands the other. Each is excited and disposed to be angry; and if an opportunity offers, there may be a quarrel between them before a chance is afforded for mutual explanation and candid interchange of opinion.

The South imagines that the Northern people sympathize with John Brown, and regard him as a martyr. Among others, Governor Wise, of Virginia, and Governor Gist, of South Carolina, entertain, and endeavor to disseminate this opinion. Yet it is a notorious fallacy. The bulk of the Northern people have no sympathy whatever with John Brown. They regard him as a man who broke his country's laws willfully, who caused the death of innocent men, and who has been justly punished for his crimes. This is the view taken by the great conservative body of the Northern people, including most of the merchants, farmers, mechanics, and citizens generally. Members of the Republican party—while owning to some tenderness for Brown on account of his sincerity and manliness—still admit that he was rightly punished. Of those who deem him a martyr, and censure Virginia for having executed the law, there is a mere handful—Cheever, Emerson, Phillips, and a select party of radical abolitionists, who have never had any following worth mention.

On the other hand, the North is apt to be misled by the vaporing of Southern newspapers and Southern politicians, clamoring for disunion. These newspapers and these politicians misapprehend and misrepresent the true sentiments of the South. The disunion party—so far as we are enabled to learn—is no stronger in the South than the radical abolition party in the North. Both are mere noisy minorities. A great number of the Southern newspapers are party political organs, whose sole aim is the elevation of this or that politician to a Governorship or to the Presidency. They assume and promulgate extreme views in the hope of currying favor with the masses of the Southern people. Their nonsense does not deserve a moment's serious attention. In the event of disunion, gravely as the North would suffer at first, the South would be at least as great a sufferer in the end. Seven-eighths of the fiscal revenue of the Confederacy is collected in the North; in the event of disunion the South would need to impose new and very onerous taxes on its people to support a central Government. In the border States it would be morally impossible to maintain the slave institution; for, in the absence of the present Constitutional compact and the Fugitive Slave Law, no restraint, legal or moral, would interpose to prevent organized slave stampedes. The foreign trade of the country would continue, as now, to be carried on at the North; for trade depôts can not be created by laws; they are the offspring of natural causes, over which Legislatures have no control; and all that the South would gain would be some additional charges on its imports to defray the cost of bonding them in New York in transitu for the Southern country. These considerations are quite familiar to the intelligent statesmen of the South. They weigh with the planters. We of the North may rest assured that, whatever politicians and political newspapers may say, the Southern people, as a body, are decidedly opposed to disunion.

We hope that the patriotic men who have seats in Congress will interchange these mutual explanations—that the Northern members, as a body, will express their conviction that, whatever admiration some may feel for the fortitude of Old Brown, he was justly punished; and, on the other hand, that the leading Southern men will denounce the disunionists of the South in the terms which are suitable.

It is really too bad that a parcel of politicians of both sections, none of whom have any real claim to authority, should be allowed to endanger the edifice which, in eighty years, has reached so grand an elevation. One can not help thinking that John Brown's gibbet would be a fitting tail-piece to the career of some of the knaves who—seeking nothing beyond personal gain or the gratification of private ambition—are pandering to the worst passions of the mob in both sections of the country, and doing all that in them lies to plunge a peaceful and contented people into the horrors of civil war.

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST.

THE Mayoralty contest has ended in the election of Fernando Wood by a plurality. The vote polled was large—within 5500 of the vote of December, 1857, when it is notorious that some ten thousand illegal votes were cast. The majority against Wood was 48,651; against Havemeyer, 51,843; against Opdyke, 67,858. Had Opdyke withdrawn, it is evident that Havemeyer would have been elected; had Tammany consented to run a no-party man whom the Republicans would have supported—presuming that such a man could have been found—he would have beaten Wood. As it is, Mr. Wood is Mayor for two years from 1st January next; and we must only hope that he will fulfill his promise, and administer the government with a single eye to the public good.

Mr. Wood is rich; a few thousand dollars should be no temptation to him. He is famous, or, at least, well known; he need sacrifice nothing for the sake of gaining notoriety. He is universally admitted to be a man of capacity and ability. The one thing needful for him is the good opinion of respectable men. How he lost that (for he once enjoyed it) we need not now undertake to tell. The fact is notorious: nine-tenths of the tax-payers and "respectable men"—as they are called in the papers for want of a better title—voted against him.

It rests with him to regain the good opinion of this class. Popularity, as Mr. Wood knows, is evanescent, fleeting, and changeable; so is unpopularity. If he will administer the government of the city so as to diminish the taxes, to execute the laws faithfully, to repress roguery in municipal matters and ruffianism among civic officers, he will soon find the friends of Tiemann and of Havemeyer and of Opdyke rallying to his support, and at the end of his term of office he will find himself as popular with tax-payers as he is unpopular with them at present. If, on the contrary, he allows his obligations to the 30,000 citizens who supported him on Tuesday to outweigh his public duties, he will have an uneasy term of office, and when it ends he will be dropped, once and forever, by all parties.

PROGRESS OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

WE published in our last number part of the prospectus of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which is to be edited by Thackeray. It is to be sold at a shilling—say about one-third the price of the existing British magazines—and is to inaugurate a new era in British periodical literature. *Blackwood's* and the other leading magazines sell at half a crown—say sixty cents, or three shillings.

We hope the new adventure will be successful. It is high time some new path were discovered by the publishers of periodicals in Great Britain. With one or two exceptions, the monthly and weekly periodicals which we receive by each mail from England are hardly worth postage. *Blackwood's Magazine* is quite out of date, and, with the exception of Bulwer Lytton's contributions and a stray novel at long intervals, never contains any thing worth reading. The same remark will apply to the *Dublin University*, *Frazer's*, *Colburn's*, the *Titan*, the *National*, and other monthly magazines of the same order. All these journals are modeled upon a standard which was well enough twenty years ago, but which is quite out of date now. Their tales are slow; their travels are dull; their reviews are priggish; their political articles are somniferous. Altogether, in the absence of any law obliging people to read them, one can not conceive any reason why they should be read at all.

The old quarterlies still survive—but their spirit is very different from what it was, or rather that spirit has departed from them to rest in other abodes. The best papers which the *London* has lately contained have been smart reviews of trade and manufactures by such old hacks as Sir Francis Head, Dr. Doran, and their contemporaries. The *Edinburgh* lives on the memory of past greatness, and on an occasional political article written by one of the first personages of the kingdom—a lord or duke perhaps. The *North British* staggers along, buoyed up mainly by scientific papers by Brewster and his school, and furious attacks on heterodox Churchmen. Of all the quarterlies the free-thinking or infidel *Westminster* has the most vital energy. Its literary reviews have for years been the best published in our language, and it occasionally contains an article full of the ripest learning and the brightest wit. But the *Westminster*, besides being pernicious, is, like the other quarterlies, addressed to a select circle. All of them eschew the profane vulgar, and covet patronage from University men alone.

Within the past decade the weekly paper has become an institution in Great Britain. Passing over the regular illustrated newspapers, such as the *London Illustrated* and *Punch*, and papers devoted to specialties, such as the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*, the *Economist*, the religious weeklies, the sensation-novel papers, such as the *London Journal*, the *Family Herald*, and others of that ilk, there have grown up in Great Britain a number of weekly papers aiming to amuse and to instruct, and employing the best intellect in the country—some of which have attained great success. These now divide themselves into two classes—the papers devoted to news and essays, such as the *Examiner*, *Leader*, *Saturday Review*, and *Spectator*; and the papers which do not disdain the aid of fiction—such as *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, *Once a Week*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Every-body's Journal*, the *Welcome Guest*, *Town Talk*, etc.

The former class propose to give their readers the news of the day, with comments thereon—nothing more. Their success depends on the spice of their comments; hence, necessarily, that success is ephemeral. No man can be perennially amusing and clever once a week. A few years since the *Examiner*, of which Fonblanque was the *Magnus Apollo*, was *the* weekly paper. When the *Examiner* contradicted the *Times* a sagacious public held its judgment in suspense. But in course of time, as was inevitable, the novelty wore off; the *Examiner* of to-day is as good as ever, but nobody reads it. Then the *Leader* came into fashion, with Forster, Harriet Martineau, and a score of other Liberals at the helm, and the way it punished the Tories was exemplary. No Englishman was well-read till he had the *Leader* by heart. This lasted but a short while, and its sun set. Its successor has been the *Saturday Review*, a paper which appears to be written by some young collegians who are out without leave. It is smart and vigorous; ignorant, priggish, and snobbish; sneers at every body and every thing; and is read chiefly from curiosity and the sort of pleasure most men take in seeing their neighbors abused. An occasional clever article apart, its parallel in this country is to be found in those college papers which are sometimes got up by debating societies at Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, and which dispose of Christianity and the Slavery question in four round sentences. By-and-by the editors will be put to bed and the paper will cease to appear.

Among the weekly papers which rely on fiction as a staple ingredient, *Chambers's Journal* is the oldest. This is a steady little magazine, which contains stories—sometimes of the heavy order, fairish magazine articles on miscellaneous topics, and a good monthly review of science, invention, and art. It is not startlingly lively, but very sound; and is said to be profitable. It is sold at three cents a number. The late *Household Words*, which ceased to appear seven or eight months ago, was the most successful of the first-class British weeklies. When Mr. Dickens quarreled with his publishers, *Household Words* was divided into two papers—*Once a Week*, published by Bradbury & Evans, and *All the Year Round*, published by Dickens. Both of these contain serials, short stories, brief essays, etc., etc. *Once a Week* has the advantage of being illustrated by Leech, Tenniel, Millais, C. Keene, Hablot K. Browne, and others. *All the Year Round* is not illustrated. *Once a Week* counts among its contributors Harriet Martineau, Captain Osborne, Charles Reade, and a number of other eminent writers; still it is undoubtedly weak in its reading matter. Its stories are seldom of the first order, and many of its essays are decidedly dull. Mr. Dickens has around him, in *All the Year Round*, his old staff—Wilkie Collins, Sala, Mrs. Gaskill, and the scientific writers whose papers have been so popular. For reading, *All the Year Round* is superior to *Once a Week*; but Leech's and Millais's illustrations are very attractive. Our arrangements, we may remark, enable us to select the cream of both papers; HARPER'S WEEKLY contains the best illustrations which appear in *Once a Week*, and the best stories which are published in *All the Year Round*.

Of the other weekly papers which we have mentioned, the less said the better. The *Welcome Guest* is a publication whose life is being squeezed out by some people of the name of Brough, who write the dullest stories and the absurdest essays that ever received the honor of type. Hospitality would cease to be a virtue if one were bound to welcome such guests. How any sensible publisher could throw his money away so foolishly we can not easily conceive. The *Leisure Hour* is milder, but nearly as dull. A man left alone on a desert island, on a very rainy day, might possibly find a leisure hour to look at it and throw it away in disgust; but in the light of civilization, it can not be read beyond the immediate circle of its writers. *Everybody's Journal* is just as insipid. A relative of the great Fonblanque writes for it—poor fellow!

We imagine that Thackeray's *Magazine, Once a Week*, and *All the Year Round* will be, for a time at least, the crack periodicals of England. All their best matter and illustrations will appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY—in most cases in advance of its arrival by mail from Great Britain.

The English periodical publishers labor under difficulties which are unknown here. There, a line is clearly drawn between the educated classes and the classes which are not educated. The latter buy 500,000 of the *London Journal*—a more silly publication than which it were difficult to conceive. The former buy 10,000 or 20,000 of *Once a Week*—no more. Here we have no such distinction. The public buy 90,000 of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and by-and-by they will want twice as many. The matter which is beyond the appreciation of the uneducated classes of England is just suited to our farmers, mechanics, and merchants; and when well sifted, is well worth their reading. It is just so with books. When a publisher is considering a book in England, the question which he debates is—how will Mudie like it?—Mudie, the great circulating-library owner, whose verdict is final, whose favor is success, whose frown is ruin. We have no Mudie here, thank God! Our publishers are their own Mudies, and look to the great public alone for support. Hence, a work like Macaulay's History, which sells 50,000 to 60,000 in England, is scattered broadcast over this country—200,000 copies sold in a few months. The time is coming when we shall retort Sydney Smith's sneer with a vengeance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AURORA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

NEW YORK, *December*, 1859.

THE communication respecting the aurora australis does not discard the possibility of it being simultaneous with the borealis. Difference of dates might be due only to the observations being made at different periods of the phenomenon. Perhaps, using the ubiquity of your paper, if you were to put a few questions to all observers in both hemispheres, the answers would, doubtless, be scrutinized by more than one student of nature.

What is the earliest date of each apparition? Which way did each move the magnetic needle? What colors and shapes were predominant in each? Which way did induction currents run on the North-South and East-West telegraphic wires of each hemisphere?

Perhaps the answers would tend to establish that both auroras were a single manifestation of the electric state of the earth; both poles being loaded with opposite fluids, and the current going one way through the earth and the other through the atmosphere.

F. G. C.

THE LOUNGER.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE news of Irving's death did not surprise those who knew how gradually but surely he had been failing for several months; and yet the death of any one we love, however long expected, is sudden at last—and he was the one man whom the whole country loved. Men of greater genius, of more persuasive and brilliant power, more peculiarly identified than he with characteristic American development there are and have been, but no character since Washington so symmetrical, and no career more rounded and complete.

With Irving the man and the author were one. The same twinkling humor, untouched by personal venom; the same sweetness, geniality, and grace; the same transparency and childlike simplicity which endeared the writer to his readers endeared the man to his friends. Gifted with a happy temperament, with that cheerful balance of thought and feeling which begets the sympathy that prevents bitter animosity, he lived through the sharpest struggles of our politics, not without interest but without bitterness, and with the tenderest respect of every party.

His tastes, and talents, and habits were all those of the literary man. In earlier life Secretary of Legation in London, and afterward Minister to Spain, he used the opportunities of his position not for personal advancement, nor for any political object whatever, but for pure literary advantage. And it was given to him, first of our authors, to invest the American landscape with the charm of imagination and tradition. Curiously enough, he did not evoke this spell from the grave chronicles of religious zeal in New England, whose gloomy romance Hawthorne has wielded with power so weird, nor from the gay cavalier society of Virginia, but from the element of our national settlement which seemed the least promising of all—the Dutch.

So great is the power and so exquisite the skill with which this was done, that his genius has colored history. We all see the Dutch as Irving painted them. When we speak of our doughty Governor Stuyvesant, whom we all know, we mean not the Governor of the histories, but of Diedrich Knickerbocker. And so the entire Hudson River, from Communipaw, upon the Jersey shore of the Bay, along the Highlands and beyond the Catskill, owes its characteristic romance to the touch of the same imagination.

That this power should have been no less in the treatment of Spanish legend shows its genuine quality as high, poetic imagination. That the same man should have written the Knickerbocker History, Rip Van Winkle, and Ichabod Crane, and then the Chronicles of the Alhambra and the Legends of Granada, shows only that if his power were versatile, it was versatile not because it was talent, but genius.

And to this various excellence in seizing the essential romance of the Dutch and Spanish genius, we must add that he was not less fortunate in the English. The Sketch-Book and Bracebridge Hall are the most exquisite pictures of characteristic English life in literature. What they delineate is constantly hinted in English works, but nowhere else is it so affectionately and fully elaborated. It is the poetic side of that burly dogmatist, John Bull, which is the secret charm of these books. They are full of a breezy heartiness, an unsophisticated honesty, a cordial reverence for traditions in themselves interesting, the flower and beauty of conservatism. There are hints and implications of it all through the Spectator and Tattler and the early essayists; in Goldsmith, too; but nowhere among English authors until long after Irving's words, and then in the Christmas chapters of Pickwick, and generally in the Holiday tales of Dickens.

Is it too fanciful to find this susceptibility of genius to national individuality in Irving's histories? To suppose that it is evident in the method and atmosphere of the Columbus, as contrasted with that of the Washington?

It is fair to lay the more stress upon this, because Irving's genius suffers in public estimation as Washington's does, from its very symmetry. Disproportion gives an impression of strength, but an Egyptian temple was no more enduring than a Grecian, although the Egyptian architecture looks as if rooted in the earth, and the Grecian as if ready to float off into the blue sky. So in any direction the ardent, passionate temperament seems to be more pronounced than the balanced and serene.

How Irving had grown into the public heart and life! It was like the love of England for Walter Scott. The word Knickerbocker, or his own name, had scarcely less vogue than the word Waverley. It greets us every where, and is not the fashion of a day but the habit of love and reverence. And so, foretasting that immortality of affection in which his memory is and will be cherished, his many and various tasks fulfilled, his last great work done, ripe with years and honor, and entirely unspoiled by the world which he loved and which loved him, the good old man died as quietly as he had lived, ceased without pain or struggle from the world in which he had never caused the one nor suffered from the other.

And when his death was known, there was no class of men who more sincerely deplored him than those of his own vocation. The older authors felt that a friend, not a rival, the younger that a father, had gone. There is not a young literary aspirant in the country who, if he ever personally met Irving, did not hear from him the kindest words of sympathy, regard, and encouragement. There is none of the older rank who, knowing him, did not love him. He belonged to no clique, no party in his own profession more than in any other of the great interests of life; and that not by any willful independence, or neutrality armed against all comers, but by the natural catholicity of his nature.

On the day of his burial, unable to reach Tarrytown in time for the funeral, I came down the shore of the river he loved. As we darted and wound along, the Catskill were draped in sober gray mist, not hiding them but wreathing and folding and lingering, as if the hills were hung with sympathetic, but not unrelieved, gloom. Yet far away toward the south, the bank on which his home lay, was Sunnyside still, for the sky was cloudless and soft with serene sunshine. I could not but remember his last words to me more than a year ago, when his book was finished and his health was failing, "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows." And I could not but feel that they were all open now and bright with the light of eternal morning.

ADVERTISING.

ONE of the great attractions of the foreign illustrated papers is their representation of the most excellent contemporary works of art in sculpture or painting. The London *Art Journal* has been valuable for many years mainly for its wood-cuts of famous pictures; and Rosa Bonheur and the leading English artists owe a great deal of their merited popularity to the immense dispersion among the homes of England of representations of their works. So well is this understood that some of the best men themselves prepare the sketch to be engraved, and not infrequently defray the expense of the engraving.

In a day of such incessant activity in every department as ours, what an artist wants is not the opportunity of working, but the chance of having his work known. He paints his great picture in vain, both for emolument and reputation, if nobody knows that it is painted. Nor is it enough merely to post the fact upon a wall and advertise it in a newspaper. The triumph of advertising is achieved when he places in the hands of the public a picture of his picture with an adequate description.

This is strictly within the scope of the illustrated paper, which is a pictorial history of the times. It depicts the men, the inventions, the buildings, the natural objects, events, statues, and pictures, in which the world happens for the time to be interested. But to do this faithfully and fairly there must be consentaneous action. To run through a gallery and to sketch hasty reminiscences which are roughly engraved, is merely to caricature and burlesque pictures, not to represent them. And the artist is the sufferer as well as the public.

It is, therefore, in every way in the interest of both that the artist should himself authorize the illustration of his work. He need not fear that it will turn the edge of public desire to see it. The report of a good speech or lecture stimulates, it does not satisfy. A faithful engraving of Palmer's statue of the White Captive, for instance, would doubtless extend the knowledge of it a hundred-fold, and send a score of persons to see it for every one who now goes. We hope sincerely that our artists will gradually come to see this. If a man works for the pleasure of working, he may be a very good fellow, but he is not a very great man. For nature has made the desire of recognition—in other words, the desire of influence—an integral element of creative genius. The poet, the orator, the artist, naturally seek an audience, and the larger the better. Every man who has any thing to say in any way wants a "fit" audience, but no man wishes that it should be "few." If God wishes to make any man his messenger of truth or beauty to other men, he does not inspire him to be a hermit and live in a desert, but to take a trumpet in one hand and a mirror in the other and go into the world, that he may multiply himself and raise his voice so that the blindest may see and the deafest hear.

In our day this is greatly accomplished by advertising. That is to say, advertising introduces a work to the world, and gives it a chance of recognition if it be worthy. And of all advantageous advertising that which we have been discussing is the most signal.

REPETITION.

THERE is a story which turns up every few weeks in the newspapers that Lord Brougham remarked upon Mr. Everett's many orations upon Washington, and when he was told that it was always the same one he was incredulous, and could not understand how a man could repeat the same discourse a hundred times.

The same wonder is often expressed about a lecture. How can a man repeat it so incessantly? Why doesn't he get tired to death of it? How it must fatigue his very soul! There are lectures which have been doing duty in the lyceum for ten years nearly. You think it is incredible? But the secret is very simple: the lecture is just as new to the audience that hears it for the first time to-night as it was to the audience that heard it for the first time three thousand nights ago.

As for the speaker himself, every new audience is a new interest. If his oration be the result of his thought and study upon the subject, if it say what he wants to say upon a topic of vital interest, or if it be his careful criticism of a literary theme, he says it as earnestly to the last audience as he did to the first. It is like singing a song which he likes to sing, and which every body likes to hear.

To speak of repetition as if it derogated from the worth of the work is a great mistake. What is Mr. Everett's hundredth delivery of his Washington to a thousand people but the hundredth edition of the discourse? He publishes his work by his mouth, instead of a printing-press—that is all; and the new thousand hearers are the new thousand buyers.

Besides, as a matter of fact, an oration is probably a hundred times better upon the hundredth delivery than at the first. A fine oration is a consummate work of art. Cicero wisely said that you should find a great poet oftener than a great orator. For your discourse, however carefully you prepare it at home in your study, or in your mind and memory, is really completed only by contact with the audience. It is struck completely out only in the white heat of perfect rapport between the orator and the hearers. For an oration is not an essay elaborately written, committed, and rhetorically spoken; it is not a "leader," nor an "article," nor a "paper;" it is really a "speech." It is the utterance of a mind full of a subject of common interest, so thoughtfully ordered, so clearly and crisply spoken, so fused and lighted and fired with emotion, that every body palpitates and burns. Eloquence is thought distilled through the heart. Its fountain may be in the head, but it is not an overpowering stream, sweeping every thing away, until it has flowed through the heart.

You may learn how to be eloquent when you can learn how to be graceful; how to be beautiful, or how to write poetry.

A lecture is less of the speech, but it is effective in the degree that it approaches it. A lecture is constantly burnished, trimmed, and balanced by delivery. Probably not one of the more popular Lyceum lectures is delivered just as it was written—most of them are probably very different, some entirely so. It is prepared in the study with the detailed, microscopic care of a cabinet picture. But it is meant for rapid hearing, and the author finds that he must change his cabinet work to a fresco—must lay on the colors with a large, generous hand, so that the intention and scope may be seen at a distance.

It surely would be a great misfortune if one city should not see a beautiful picture or statue because it had been already seen in another. And the case is precisely the same with a discourse; although the excellent Baron of Brougham and Vaux may be unable to see it.

OPEN THE DOOR!

THE difficulty is—it is universal—that there are not doors enough. In case of alarm the people could not get out. There would be a panic, a rush, mad terror, and trampling under foot. And what is called "a wag" might cause it all by crying "fire!" It might be only what is called "a practical joke."

For we are speaking of the Public Hall, you know, in your town, in every town in the country. It is filled once a week with your most valuable citizens, and when any thing *does* happen—!

A week or two since in Utica, the handsome Mechanics' Hall did take fire. There was immense alarm, but nobody was hurt. The audience partly returned, and the lecture went on; but fancy the position of a speaker addressing a crowd which was all nerves to the slightest touch of fright; fancy an audience listening to a discourse, and wondering whether they were to get out of it alive!

Last year, in Providence, the Howard Hall, a beautiful room, holding perhaps two thousand people, took fire. It was in the second story of a building used for furniture storing and manufacture. In ten minutes the entry was thick with flame and smoke. Fortunately the hall was unoccupied that evening; had it been otherwise, what a tragedy, smiting almost every family in the city!

Is there any impossibility in the making of doors? Are we to go to meetings of all kinds only upon peril of a fearful catastrophe? In New Bedford they have been discussing the question. Many people decline to go to the Lyceum there, lest some alarm should be given, in which case there would be pretty sure destruction for hundreds. So in Philadelphia; what a handsome and pleasant hall is Concert Hall! There is nothing in New York to compare with it. Hall, do you call it? Why not trap? In Boston the Music Hall and Tremont Temple are both well provided. An alarm is not sure destruction of life in either of them.

The people of the towns ought not to submit to these things; and they ought to help them by having the great hall of the city the property of the city. Then the burden of expense would fall lightly upon every citizen, and the building could be constructed with proper means of egress. It should be understood that it would be a municipal expense, for no hall pays as a private enterprise. There is not a town in the country that might not easily put up a simple hall, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and well-doored. There is not a proprietor of a private hall who would not increase the value of his property by providing a better egress than it probably has at present.

Let us have doors enough, and keep them ready to open, and the knowledge that they are so would prevent a panic.

"TALE OF TWO CITIES."

THE new story of Dickens with which the readers of *Harper's Weekly* have just parted company, and with which he has inaugurated his new periodical, *All the Year Round*, has fully justified the expectation editorially expressed in this paper upon commencing its publication. It is a masterly story, but quite unlike any other of the great novelist's. The interest centres entirely in the plot, not in the characters. There is scarcely one of the characters who has furnished literature or common conversation with a new phrase of satire or fun, but they move about spectrally in the lurid glare of French revolutionary light.

It is one of the gloomiest tales in our literature; and as a picture of the horrors of the Reign of Terror it is quite unsurpassed. No French history, and, upon the whole, not even Carlyle's great drama, so accurately presents what we feel must have been the aspect and sentiment of that bloody time. Throughout Carlyle's history there is evident the philosopher tracing causes in results; a kind of psycho-surgical bonhomie, so to speak, akin to the "beautiful fracture" feeling of the operating-room.

Dickens, indeed, represents the Monseigneur who really begot the Reign of Terror, but he does not less truly show the devilishness of the devil, nor does he by any kind of implication excuse the crime of the one by that of the other.

The "Tale of Two Cities" is a triumph in a new field, and yet unquestionably a triumph. It sweeps on with tragic intensity through scenes of which the only variety is a different horror. It is full of the tenderest touches; and in the character of Sydney Carton a plea for the essential heroism of a poetic nature which is new and beautiful. Except in some of the earlier chapters, there is none of the peculiar humor of Boz. Indeed, no better idea of the singular fertility of his genius can be gained than by remembering that the author of the "Tale of Two Cities" is also the author of the "Pickwick Papers."

—The story that replaces that of Dickens in these pages—Mr. Collins's "Woman in White"—already reveals the singular dramatic power and interest of narration for which he has gained so wide a reputation.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MADGE. Whatever you write will be carefully considered, and will always be paid for, if used, if you mention that you shall expect payment. "Friends" are very dangerous advisers. They are generally more justly called "flatterers" when they advise publication.

—E. M. The poem is respectfully declined. It begins, "'Twas midnight hour." Now even in poetry articles are essential. If you were to write a poem upon Alexander and Bucephalus, would you say, "'Twas sorrel horse?" Don't be afraid. Send again. Remember that though *you* know who E. M. is, nobody else does.

—J. H. B. Don't suppose that you must resort to the "Nepenthe" of the pistol because somebody does not like your verses. The Lounger, for instance, finds "Night Warbling" very well. But do you care to write poetry very well? If you think it is better than very well, you will write on, and you will do right in writing. But put your brains to some better purpose than a splash on the wall. If you can't be a poet (perhaps you can), you can be an honest, useful man.

—F. S. The verse is pleasant—but no, thank you. Of course it is worth while to try again. You shall be heartily welcome.

—R. C. T. writes from Laredo, Texas, to ask if there be any instrument invented to find gold or silver coin underground. None that we know of, but pick-axes, shovels, and hoes. And even those, although admirable instruments, have never yet been able to discover Captain Kidd's treasure.

—A. N. Your poem, "Before the Play," is much too imperfect in execution for print. But it is a striking image; although requiring extraordinary skill in the handling. It is not simple enough as you have done it. The strain to express the inexpressible is too evident.

HON. FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.

THE recent contest for the Mayoralty of this city has attracted so much attention throughout the country that people will generally be glad to see the features of the successful candidate, Mayor Wood.

Fernando Wood is a Philadelphian by birth. His ancestry, on his father's side, were Quakers; Henry Wood, the American *atavus* of the family, was driven out of New England by the pleasant persecutions of the Puritans, and forced to seek a new home on the banks of the Delaware. Benjamin Wood, the father of our Mayor, was a dry-goods merchant in Philadelphia and here, but he was neither successful in business nor blessed with good health. He died young, leaving his family unprovided for. Young Fernando Wood, who was born in 1812, threw himself upon the world and his own resources at the age of thirteen, deeming himself a man when he had succeeded in obtaining a salary of three dollars a week. He fought his way steadily, as a merchant, as a clerk, as a cigar-maker, as a ship-owner, as what not, till one day he was elected, during the famous hard-cider campaign, to a seat in Congress. There he made the acquaintance, and won the esteem of such men as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, both of whom foretold for the youth an unusually brilliant career. One anecdote of Mr. Wood's intercourse with Henry Clay may be worth preserving.

Walking together down Pennsylvania Avenue one day, they entered a cigar-store together. In an inner room they noticed, while they were making their purchases, three or four men busily engaged in the manufacture of cigars. Mr. Clay's attention was attracted, and he drew his companion into the room, desiring him to remark the skill and sleight-of-hand with which these mechanics performed their work. Mr. Wood, rather to the surprise of the great Kentuckian, replied that he saw nothing wonderful in what they did—that the business was easy enough. The cigar-makers and their employer looked up indignantly; Mr. Clay—imputing his companion's remark to ignorance—challenged him instantly to perform the work he derided, adding that he would better appreciate the difficulty when he had tried the business and failed.

"Oh!" said Wood, "I could certainly make cigars, I think."

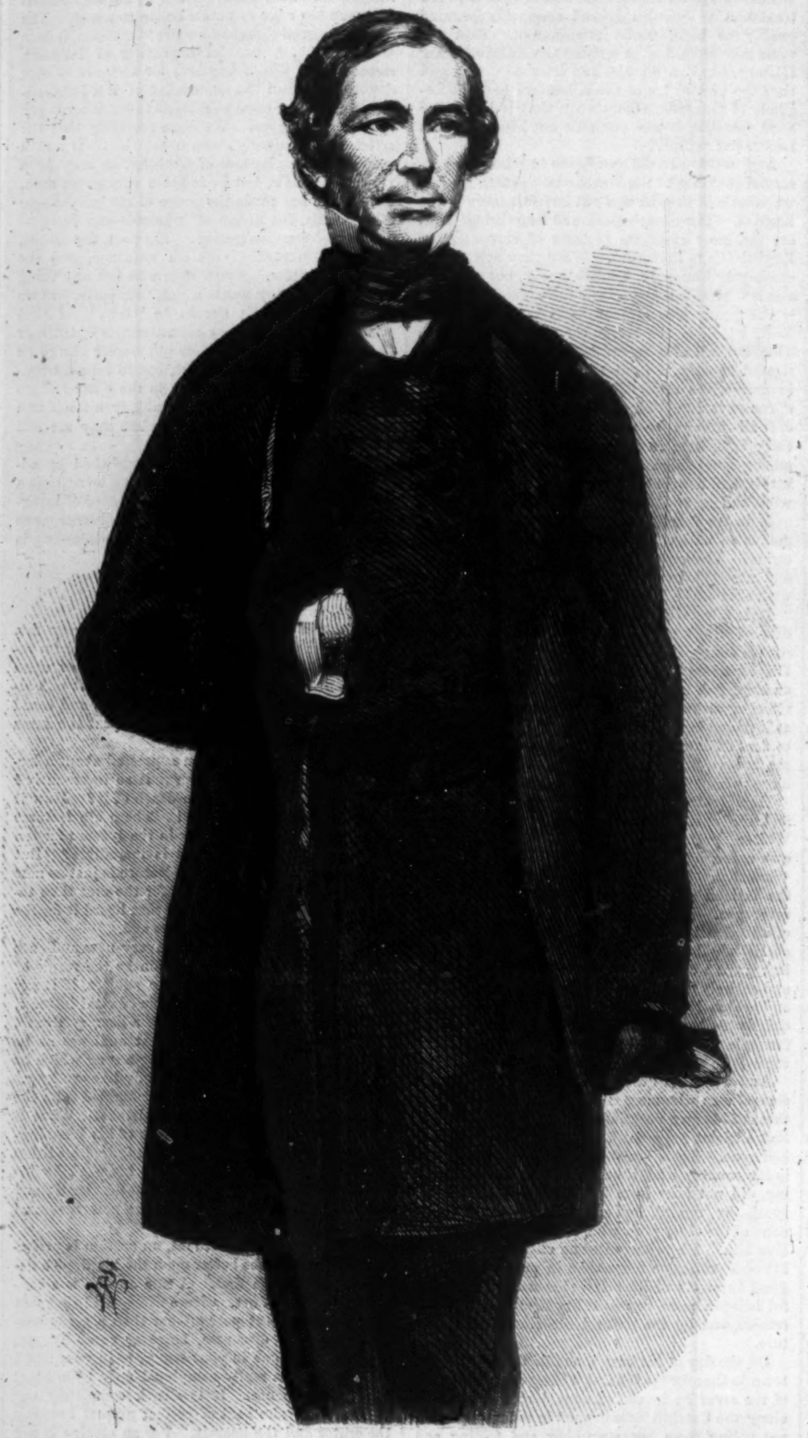
"Let us see you at it, then," replied Mr. Clay, impatiently.

The workmen and their employer, eager to have their laugh at a member of Congress, were equally pressing; and after some feigned reluctance, Mr. Wood drew off his gloves and sat down at the table. With practiced hand he seized a leaf, cut it into the right shape, and proceeded to roll: in less time than the most expert workman would have required to perform the feat he made an excellent cigar, which he gracefully presented to Mr. Clay.

The laugh was now against the great Senator, who acknowledged that young Wood was a smart fellow—little dreaming that he had for several years made a living by cigar-making.

In Congress Mr. Wood's career was respectable. Several of his speeches attracted attention, and his practical ability called forth general remark. At the close of his Congressional term he returned to this city, and embarked in business with the usual varying results. In November, 1854, he was nominated Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, and, after a sharp contest, was elected over three rival candidates representing the Whig, Know Nothing, and Reform interests. He was again re-elected at the close of his term, after a contest of still greater severity.

At the election in 1857 he again ran as the Democratic candidate against Daniel F. Tiemann, who was supported by the combined opposition and a portion of the Democracy. The contest was exceedingly sharp, and Wood was defeated by a few thousand votes. He has now retrieved himself, and is once more mayor of New York. Let us hope that he will so administer the office as to regain the popularity he once enjoyed.



HON. FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.

A SKETCH IN ALABAMA.

LONG years ago, when the now populous State of Alabama was an almost uninterrupted wilderness, the region of country now comprised in the county of Randolph was infested with wolves, and stocked with game of every kind.—It was a very common thing for companies of men to go from the older settled county of Chambers up to Randolph county, for the purpose of "camp-hunting," and it is with one of these expeditions that we now have to do.

In the fall of 1837 four men left the village of Lafayette, and bent their course to a place among the hills of Randolph, known as the White Oak Mountain, a place where game of all kinds abounded. Just about the line dividing the two counties there was a little one-horse grocery, kept by one Redman Hornsby, or, as he was usually called by his associates, "Redhorn." His principal characteristics were an inordinate love of whisky, fear of wolves and Indians, and an unquenchable desire to swindle every body in any manner that presented itself. This is description enough for the present.

Calling at his grocery, the crowd concluded to take Redhorn along, partly to amuse themselves with his eccentricities, and partly because he wanted to go. The camping-ground was reached about nightfall, and as it was too late to hunt any that evening, they built up a fire, prepared supper, and set about enjoying themselves. A pack of greasy cards was produced, but one of the boys declined to enter into the game.

"Here, Redhorn," said Ben Walker, "there's but three of us to play; take a hand with us."

"Who? me!" said Redhorn, who had been intently watching the proceedings, "I don't know no more about them cussed things than I do about the twelve Apostles!"

"Oh, nonsense," said Ben, "you certainly know something about it."

"Darned if I know one keard from t'other," persisted he.

"Well, come on, you can soon learn," urged Ben.

"No," said Redhorn, "you three do it a while, ontwel I sorter git the hang of it, and then I'll give you a turn."

Accordingly they played a few games without any bets, until Redhorn thought he "seed into it."

"Now, boys," said Ben, winking at the others, "give me and Redhorn three in seven, and we'll try you for half-dollar a game."

This was agreed to, and at it they went. As may be supposed, Ben and Red lost all the time, the latter cursing all the time, and swearing it was no better than stealing "to take a feller's money that-a-way, an' he not know a thing about the game." But they thought differently.

At length Red appeared very much excited, and, rising to his feet, broke out,

"You've made a bargain to cheat me out'n my money, an' I'll be cussed ef I stand it! You jest had Ben on my side to help you, an' I'll be durned ef I can't beat the best of you, even pop. Come ahed, ef you want the silver jerked out o' ye by hatfuls."

"I'm your man," said Joe Blount, and pulling out his money they went at it, the bet being raised to a dollar a game. It soon became evident to Joe that he had caught a Tartar. None of his tricks would succeed, while Redhorn was continually "raking down the pile." After playing about an hour Joe found himself minus a stake, and threw down the cards with an oath.

"These is curious fixens," said Red, as he viewed them one at a time. "I'll bet five dollars I kin turn Jack, as you call it, the fust pop."

"Done!" said Ben, pulling out the money, "let me shuffle 'em."

The cards were duly shuffled, and handed back to Red, who carelessly took off a few and turned up the bottom one for Ben's inspection.

It was the Jack of Spades!

"Confound you!" said Ben, handing over a V, "you've seen cards before."

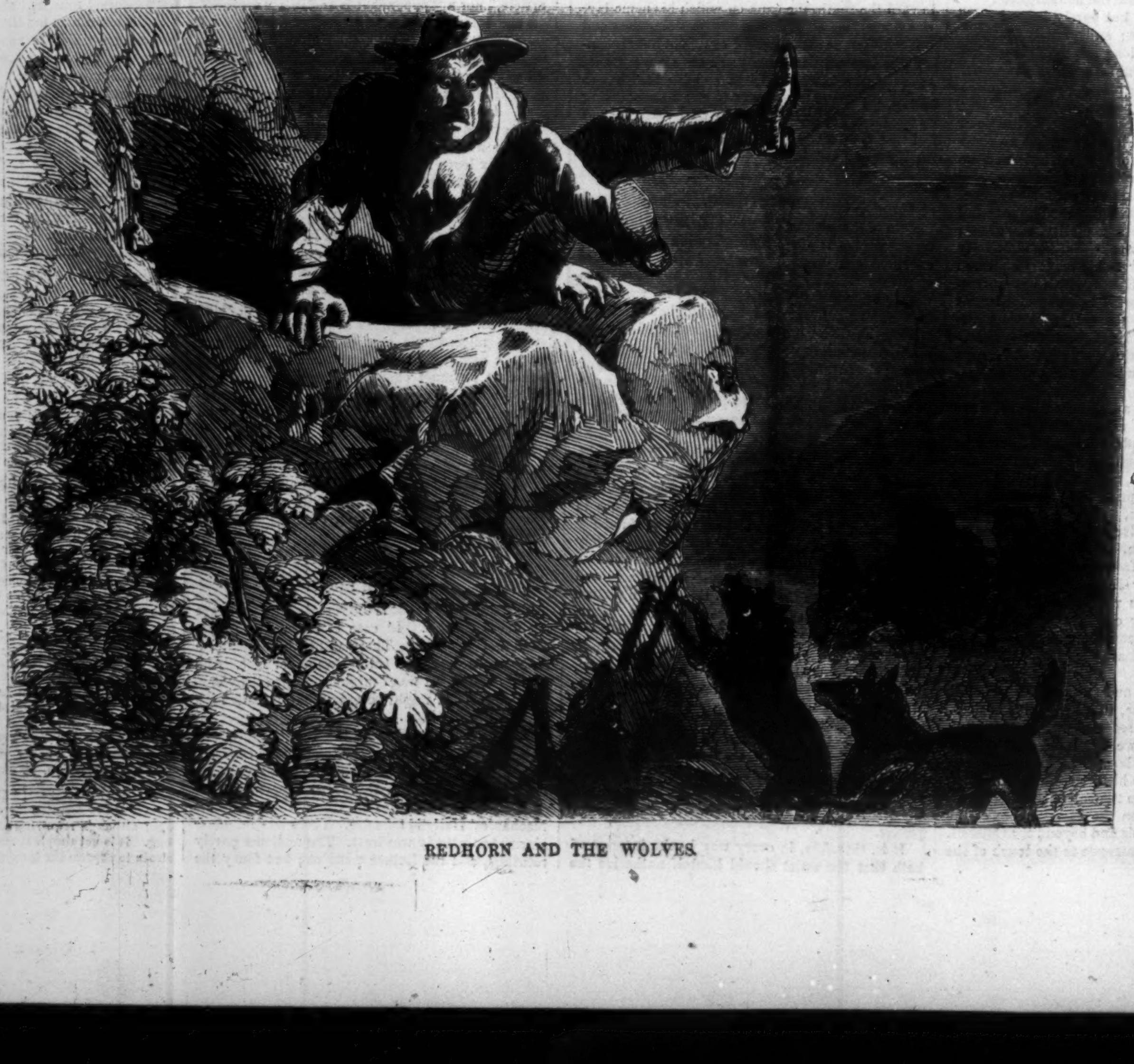
"This is a quare world," said Red, throwing up and catching a dollar; "the quarest world I ever lit onto. Here's you three fellers been tryin' three hours to swindle me, an' I've wore out more keards than you ever seed, by a durned sight! When you want to larn another green hand, jest invite *me*, will you?"

This avowal vexed them not a little; they discovered that the biters had got bitten, and that in their endeavors to chouse Redhorn out of his money they had "waked up the wrong man," and, as is usual in such cases, they determined to be revenged on him. Professing to be very well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, they prepared themselves for sleep, telling Red to hold himself in readiness, as they were going out before daylight next morning to kill some turkeys. As soon as he was asleep Ben got Redhorn's shoes and rubbed the soles of them with asafœtida, a substance which will attract wolves from an almost incredible distance.

A little after midnight they aroused Red, and together they set off to find the turkeys. When they were out of sight of the camp Joe proposed that they should separate.

"Now, Red," said he, "you go right up this holler, and about a quarter of a mile from here you will come to a cliff of rocks; take your stand there, and you'll be sure to shoot a turkey."

Following his instructions, the unsuspecting Redhorn set out, and soon reached the proposed "stand."



REDHORN AND THE WOLVES.

It was a wild-looking place; on the south, west, and north the hills and rocks rose in towering masses, completely shutting out the light of the moon, and giving a dark and sombre aspect to the place.

"I'll be eternally blessed if I like this place," said he, gazing around at the prospect. "Now I don't like it a bit; but, howsomever, it'll soon be day, and then I can leave it." So saying, he seated himself on a projecting rock, laid his gun across his knees, and prepared to make himself comfortable. His reveries were soon interrupted, however, by observing in the valley below him what appeared to be a large dog, and which seemed to be scenting his track.

"What on airth is the dogs a-follerin' me fur, I wonder?" said he, with some misgivings; but he had hardly ceased speaking when he heard a howl far below him which was not to be mistaken.

"Wolves, by Gemini!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "I'll be eat up, sure as frost. But I'll settle *you*, you black cuss!" And leveling his gun, he fired at the first one, which was now within thirty paces of him. The animal fell with a savage growl, but the roar of his gun was answered by terrific howls on every side.

"Golly! what'll I do?" he exclaimed, dropping his gun, which rebounded from rock to rock, and fell some distance below him. But he had no time to recover it, for his gaunt-looking enemies were close upon him; and he scrambled up the almost perpendicular face of the rock, and secured a seat higher up. On looking down he saw several more of the ravenous animals coming at full speed up the valley, guided by the potent drug which he unknowingly carried about him. Arriving at the foot of the rock they set up fearful yells, and attempted to reach his seat, but he was too high.

"Now I'll be durned if I like this," soliloquized Redhorn, gazing down in great trepidation. "The black devils, thar's at least a dozen of 'em, and more a-comin'. What on airth are they a-follerin' me fur, I wonder? Ugh! you black devil! quit jumpin' up here! He was like to have me that pop. I'll be eat up as shore as God made Moses. I wish I could pray; I've a notion to try it, anyhow. Ugh! the varmints! The woods is full of 'em. O Lord, now take thy servant— Oh! look how they come! thar's at least a hundred. Why didn't old Deacon Hornsby larn me how to pray? I wish he was here; cuss me if I didn't pitch him off right among 'em. Now may the saving grace —I'll swar I can't pray, and they come thicker an' thicker. O Lord, deliver thy servant from the hands of the Phillistins, and— But durn my buttons if sich prayin' as that 'll win. The devil 'll come a jumpin' arter me, and the wolves won't let me pray a lick. I wish them boys was in—no matter where—fur sendin' me inter sich a place. They done it a-purpose, cuss 'em; and if I had 'em here I'd pitch 'em right among the critters, neck an' heels. An' thar's that long-nosed Joe Blount; he's mad 'cause I won his money, an' he got me inter this fix. Ef I ever git back to the camp, I'll kick out what little sense he's got. Wolves! wolves!"

In this condition poor Redhorn remained till day, when the animals left, and he made his way back to the camp. There was no one there but a negro boy, the hunters having gone out after turkeys. Redhorn tied the sleeping African fast to a convenient sapling, and cutting the horses loose, mounted the best one, and struck a bee line for home, when he turned his horse loose. He took care, however, to make himself scarce until the hunters had returned home.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

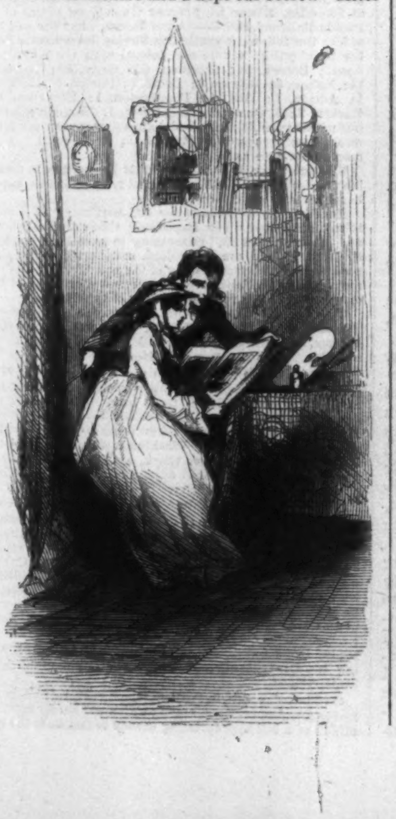
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

VIII.

So ended my eventful first day at Limmeridge House.

Miss Halcombe and I kept our secret. After the discovery of the likeness no fresh light seemed destined to break over the mystery of the woman in white. At the first safe opportunity Miss Halcombe cautiously led her half-sister to speak of their mother, of old times, and of Anne Catherick. Miss Fairlie's recollections of the little scholar at Limmeridge were, however, only of the most vague and general kind. She remembered the likeness between herself and her mother's favorite pupil, as something which had been supposed to exist in past times; but she did not refer to the gift of the white dresses, or to the singular form of words in which the child had artlessly expressed her gratitude for them. She remembered that Anne had remained at Limmeridge for a few months only, and had then left it to go back to her home in Hampshire; but she could not say whether the mother and daughter had ever returned, or had ever been heard of afterward. No further search, on Miss Halcombe's part, through the few letters of Mrs. Fairlie's writing which she had left unread, assisted in clearing up the uncertainties still left to perplex us. We had identified the unhappy woman whom I had met in the night-time with Anne Catherick—we had made some advance, at least, toward connecting the probably defective condition of the poor creature's intellect with the peculiarity of her being dressed all in white, and with the continuance, in her maturer years, of her childish gratitude toward Mrs. Fairlie—and there, so far as we knew at that time, our discoveries had ended.



The days passed on, the weeks passed on: and the track of the golden autumn wound its bright way visibly through the green summer of the trees. Peaceful, fast-flowing, happy time! my story glides by you now, as swiftly as you once glided by me. Of all the treasures of enjoyment that you poured so freely into my heart, how much is left me that has purpose and value enough to be written on this page? Nothing but the saddest of all confessions that a man can make—the confession of his own folly.

The secret which that confession discloses should be told with little effort, for it has indirectly escaped me already. The poor weak words which have failed to describe Miss Fairlie, have succeeded in betraying the sensations she awakened in me. It is so with us all. Our words are giants when they do us an injury, and dwarfs when they do us a service.

I loved her.

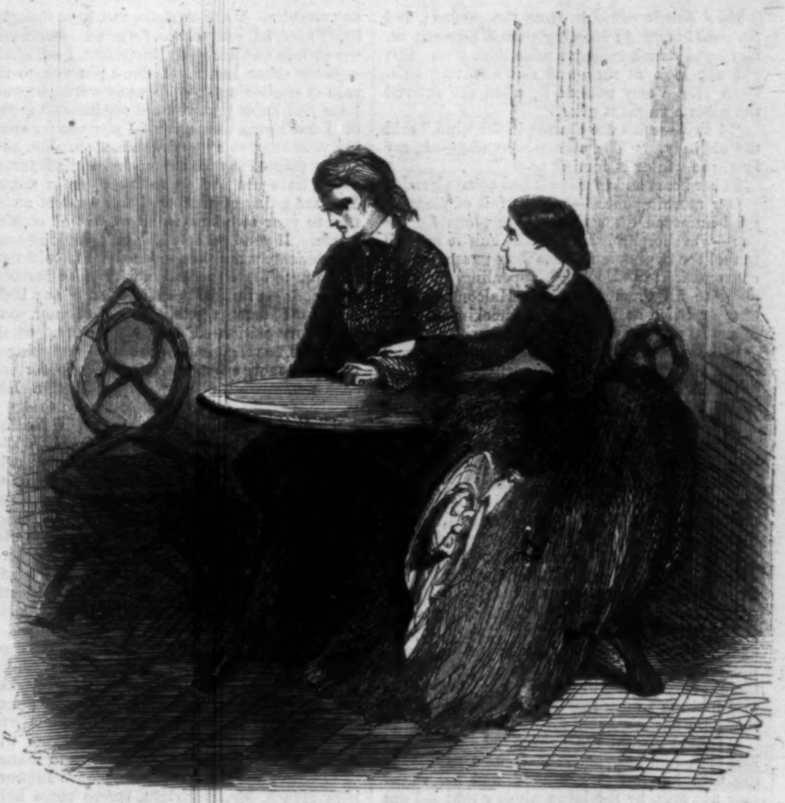
Ah! how well I know all the sadness and all the mockery that is contained in those three words. I can sigh over my mournful confession with the tenderest woman who reads it and pities me. I can laugh at it as bitterly as the hardest man who tosses it from him in contempt. I loved her! Feel for me, or despise me, I confess it with the same immovable resolution to own the truth.

Was there no excuse for me? There was some excuse to be found, surely, in the conditions under which my term of hired service was passed at Limmeridge House.

My morning hours succeeded each other calmly in the quiet and seclusion of my own room. I had just work enough to do, in mounting my employer's drawings, to keep my hands and eyes pleasurably employed, while my mind was left free to enjoy the dangerous luxury of its own unbridled thoughts. A perilous solitude, for it lasted long enough to enervate, not long enough to fortify me. A perilous solitude, for it was followed by afternoons and evenings spent, day after day and week after week, alone in the society of two women, one of whom possessed all the accomplishments of grace, wit, and high-breeding, the other all the charms of beauty, gentleness, and simple truth, that can purify and subdue the heart of man. Not a day passed, in that dangerous intimacy of teacher and pupil, in which my hand was not close to Miss Fairlie's; my cheek, as we bent together over her sketch-book, almost touching hers. The more attentively she watched every movement of my brush, the more closely I was breathing the perfume of her hair, and the warm fragrance of her breath. It was part of my service to live in the very light of her eyes—at one time to be bending over her, so close to her bosom as to tremble at the thought of touching it; at another, to feel her bending over me, bending so close to see what I was about, that her voice sank low when she spoke to me, and her ribbons brushed my cheek in the wind before she could draw them back.

The evenings which followed the sketching excursions of the afternoon varied, rather than checked, these innocent, these inevitable familiarities. My natural fondness for the music which she played with such tender feeling, such delicate womanly taste, and her natural enjoyment of giving me back, by the practice of her art, the pleasure which I had offered to her by the practice of mine, only wove another tie which drew us closer and closer to one another. The accidents of conversation; the simple habits which regulated even such a little thing as the position of our places at table; the play of Miss Halcombe's ever-ready raillery, always directed against my anxiety, as teacher, while it sparkled over her enthusiasm as pupil; the harmless expression of poor Mrs. Vesey's drowsy approval which connected Miss Fairlie and me as two model young people who never disturbed her—every one of these trifles, and many more, combined to fold us together in the same domestic atmosphere, and to lead us both insensibly to the same hopeless end.

I should have remembered my position, and have put myself secretly on my guard. I did so, but not till it was too late. All the discretion, all the experience, which had availed me with other women, and secured me against other temptations, failed me with her. It had been my profession, for years past, to be in this close contact with young girls of all ages, and of all orders of beauty. I had accepted the position as part of my calling in life; I had trained myself to leave all the sympathies natural to my age in my employer's outer hall, as coolly as I left my umbrella there before I went up stairs. I had long since learned to understand, composedly and as a matter of course, that my situation in life was considered a guarantee against any of my female pupils feeling more than the most ordinary interest in me, and that I was admitted among beautiful and captivating women, much as a harmless domestic animal is admitted among them. This guardian experience I had gained early; this guardian experience had sternly and strictly guided me straight along my own poor narrow path, without once letting me stray aside to the right hand or to the left. And now, I and my trusty talisman were parted for the first time. Yes, my hardly-earned self-control was as completely lost to me as if I had never possessed it; lost to me, as it is lost every day to other men in other critical situations where women are concerned. I know now that I should have questioned myself from the first. I should have asked why any room in the house was better than home to me when she entered it, and barren as a desert when she went out again—why I always noticed and remembered the little changes in her dress that I had noticed and remembered in no other woman's before—why I saw her, heard her, and touched her (when we shook hands at night and morning) as I had never seen, heard, and touched any other woman in my life? I should have looked into my own heart, and found this new growth springing up there, and plucked it out while it was young. Why was this easiest, simplest work of self-culture always too much for me? The explanation has been written already in the three words that were many enough, and plain enough, for my confession. I loved her.



"SHE WAITED A MOMENT, TURNED HER FACE FULL ON ME; AND, REACHING ACROSS THE TABLE, LAID HER HAND FIRMLY ON MY ARM."

The days passed, the weeks passed; it was approaching the third month of my stay in Cumberland. The delicious monotony of life in our calm seclusion flowed on with me like a smooth stream with a swimmer who glides down the current. All memory of the past, all thought of the future, all sense of the falseness and hopelessness of my own position, lay hushed within me into deceitful rest. Lulled by the siren song that my own heart sung to me, with eyes shut to all sight, and ears closed to all sound of danger, I drifted nearer and nearer to the fatal rocks. The warning that aroused me at last, and startled me into sudden, self-accusing consciousness of my own weakness, was the plainest, the truest, the kindest of all warnings, for it came silently from *her*.

We had parted one night, as usual. No word had fallen from my lips, at that time or at any time before it, that could betray me, or startle her into sudden knowledge of the truth. But when we met again in the morning, a change had come over her—a change that told me all.

I shrank then—I shrink still—from invading the innermost sanctuary of her heart, and laying it open to others, as I have laid open my own. Let it be enough to say that the time when she first surprised my secret was, I firmly believe, the time when she first surprised her own, and the time, also, when she changed toward me in the interval of one night. Her nature, too truthful to deceive others, was too noble to deceive itself. When the doubt that I had hushed asleep first laid its weary weight on her heart, the true face owned all, and said, in its own frank, simple language—I am sorry for him; I am sorry for myself.

It said this, and more, which I could not then interpret. I understood but too well the change in her manner, to greater kindness and quicker readiness in interpreting all my wishes, before others—to constraint and sadness, and nervous anxiety to absorb herself in the first occupation she could seize on, whenever we happened to be left together alone. I understood why the sweet sensitive lips smiled so rarely and so restrainedly now; and why the clear blue eyes looked at me, sometimes with the pity of an angel, sometimes with the innocent perplexity of a child. But the change meant more than this. There was a coldness in her hand, there was an unnatural immobility in her face, there was in all her movements the mute expression of constant fear and clinging self-reproach. The sensations that I could trace to herself and to me, the unacknowledged sensations that we were feeling in common, were not these. There were certain elements of the change in her that were still secretly drawing us together, and others that were, as secretly, beginning to drive us apart.

In my doubt and perplexity, in my vague suspicion of something hidden which I was left to find by my own unaided efforts, I examined Miss Halcombe's looks and manner for enlightenment. Living in such intimacy as ours, no serious alteration could take place in any one of us which did not sympathetically affect the others. The change in Miss Fairlie was reflected in her half-sister. Although not a word escaped Miss Halcombe which hinted at an altered state of feeling toward myself, her penetrating eyes had contracted a new habit of always watching me. Sometimes the look was like suppressed anger; sometimes like suppressed dread; sometimes like neither—like nothing, in short, which I could understand. A week elapsed, leaving us all three still in this position of secret constraint toward one another. My situation, aggravated by the sense of my own miserable weakness and forgetfulness of myself, now too late awakened in me, was becoming intolerable. I felt that I must cast off the oppression under which I was living, at once and forever—yet how to act for the best, or what to say first, was more than I could tell.

From this position of helplessness and humiliation I was rescued by Miss Halcombe. Her lips told me the bitter, the necessary, the unexpected truth; her hearty kindness sustained me under the shock of hearing it; her sense and courage turned to its right use an event which threatened the worst that could happen, to me, and to others, in Limmeridge House.

IX.

IT was on a Thursday in the week, and nearly at the end of the third month of my sojourn in Cumberland.

In the morning, when I went down into the breakfast-room, at the usual hour, Miss Halcombe, for the first time since I had known her, was absent from her customary place at the table.

Miss Fairlie was out on the lawn. She bowed to me, but did not come in. Not a word had dropped from my lips or from hers that could unsettle either of us—and yet the same unacknowledged sense of embarrassment made us shrink alike from meeting one another alone. She waited on the lawn; and I waited in the breakfast-room, till Mrs. Vesey or Miss Halcombe came in. How quickly I should have joined her; how readily we should have shaken hands, and glided into our customary talk, only a fortnight ago!

In a few minutes, Miss Halcombe entered. She had a preoccupied look, and she made her apologies for being late, rather absently.

"I have been detained," she said, "by a consultation with Mr. Fairlie on a domestic matter which he wished to speak to me about."

Miss Fairlie came in from the garden; and the usual morning greeting passed between us. Her hand struck colder to mine than ever. She did not look at me; and she was very pale. Even Mrs. Vesey noticed it, when she entered the room a moment after.

"I suppose it's the change in the wind," said the old lady. "The winter is coming—ah, my love, the winter is coming soon!"

In her heart and in mine it had come already!

Our morning meal—once so full of pleasant good-humored discussions of the plans for the day—was short and silent. Miss Fairlie seemed to feel the oppression of the long pauses in the conversation; and looked appealingly to her sister to fill them up. Miss Halcombe, after once or twice hesitating and checking herself, in a most uncharacteristic manner, spoke at last.

"I have seen your uncle, this morning, Laura," she said. "He thinks the purple room is the one that ought to be got ready; and he confirms what I told you. Monday is the day—not Tuesday."

While these words were being spoken, Miss Fairlie looked down at the table beneath her. Her fingers moved nervously among the crumbs that were scattered on the cloth. The paleness on her cheeks spread to her lips, and the lips themselves trembled visibly. I was not the only person present who noticed this. Miss Halcombe saw it, too; and at once set us the example of rising from table.

Mrs. Vesey and Miss Fairlie left the room together. The kind sorrowful blue eyes looked at me, for a moment, with the prescient sadness of a coming and a long farewell. I felt the answering pang in my own heart—the pang that told me I must lose her soon, and love her the more unchangeably for the loss.

I turned toward the garden, when the door had closed on her. Miss Halcombe was standing with her hat in her hand, and her shawl over her arm, by the large window that led out to the lawn, and was looking at me attentively.

"Have you any leisure time to spare," she asked, "before you begin to work in your own room?"

"Certainly, Miss Halcombe. I have always time at your service."

"I want to say a word to you in private, Mr. Hartright. Get your hat, and come out into the garden. We are not likely to be disturbed there at this hour in the morning."

As we stepped out on to the lawn, one of the under-gardeners—a mere lad—passed us on his way to the house, with a letter in his hand. Miss Halcombe stopped him.

"Is that letter for me?" she asked.

"Nay, miss; it's just said to be for Miss Fairlie," answered the lad, holding out the letter as he spoke.

Miss Halcombe took it from him, and looked at the address.

"A strange handwriting," she said to herself. "Who can Laura's correspondent be? Where did you get this?" she continued, addressing the gardener.

"Well, miss," said the lad, "I just got it from a woman."

"What woman?"

"A woman well stricken in age."

"Oh, an old woman. Any one you knew?"

"I canna' tak' it on mysel' to say that she was other than a stranger to me."

"Which way did she go?"

"That gate," said the under-gardener, turning with great deliberation toward the south, and embracing the whole of that part of England with one comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"Curious," said Miss Halcombe; "I suppose it must be a begging-letter. There," she added, handing the letter back to the lad, "take it to the house, and give it to one of the servants. And now, Mr. Hartright, if you have no objection, let us walk this way."

She led me across the lawn, along the same path by which I had followed her on the day after my arrival at Limmeridge. At the little summer-house in which Laura Fairlie and I had first seen each other, she stopped, and broke the silence which she had steadily maintained while we were walking together.

"What I have to say to you I can say here."

With those words she entered the summer-house, took one of the chairs at the little round table inside, and signed to me to take the other. I had suspected what was coming when she spoke to me in the breakfast-room; I felt certain of it now.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "I am going to begin by making a frank avowal to you. I am going to say—without phrase-making, which I detest; or paying compliments, which I heartily despise—that I have come, in the course of your residence with us, to feel a strong friendly regard for you. I was predisposed in your favor when you first told me of your conduct toward that unhappy woman whom you met under such remarkable circumstances. Your management of the affair might not have been prudent; but it showed the self-control, the delicacy, and the compassion of a man who was naturally a gentleman. It made me expect good things from you; and you have not disappointed my expectations."

She paused—but held up her hand at the same time, as a sign that she awaited no answer from me before she proceeded. When I entered the summer-house, no thought was in me of the woman in white. But, now, Miss Halcombe's own words had put the memory of my adventure back in my mind. It remained there, throughout the interview—remained, and not without a result.

"As your friend," she proceeded, "I am going to tell you, at once, in my own plain, blunt, downright language, that I have discovered your secret—without help or hint, mind, from any one else. Mr. Hartright, you have thoughtlessly allowed yourself to form an attachment—a serious and devoted attachment, I am afraid—to my sister Laura. I don't put you to the pain of confessing it, in so many words, because I see and know that you are too honest to deny it. I don't even blame you—I pity you for opening your heart to a hopeless affection. You have not attempted to take any underhand advantage—you have not spoken to my sister in secret. You are guilty of weakness and want of attention to your own best interests, but of nothing worse. If you had acted, in any single respect, less delicately and less modestly, I should have told you to leave the house, without an instant's notice, or an instant's consultation of any body. As it is, I blame the misfortune of your years and your position—I don't blame *you*. Shake hands—I have given you pain; I am going to give you more; but there is no help for it—shake hands with your friend, Marian Halcombe, first."

The sudden kindness—the warm, high-minded, fearless sympathy which met me on such mercifully equal terms, which appealed with such delicate and generous abruptness straight to my heart, my honor, and my courage, overcame me in an instant. I tried to look at her, when she took my hand, but my eyes were dim. I tried to thank her, but my voice failed me.

"Listen to me," she said, considerately avoiding all notice of my loss of self-control. "Listen to me, and let us get it over at once. It is a real, true relief to me that I am not obliged, in what I have now to say, to enter into the question—the hard and cruel question as I think it—of social inequalities. Circumstances which will try *you* to the quick, spare *me* the ungracious necessity of paining a man who has lived in friendly intimacy under the same roof with myself by any humiliating reference to matters of rank and station. You must leave Limmeridge House, Mr. Hartright, before more harm is done. It is my duty to say that to you; and it would be equally my duty to say it, under precisely the same serious necessity, if you were the representative of the oldest and wealthiest family in England. You must leave us, not because you are a teacher of drawing—"

She waited a moment; turned her face full on me; and, reaching across the table, laid her hand firmly on my arm.

"Not because you are a teacher of drawing," she repeated, "but because Laura Fairlie is engaged to be married."

The last word went like a bullet to my heart. My arm lost all sensation of the hand that grasped it. I never moved, and never spoke. The sharp autumn breeze that scattered the dead leaves at our feet, came as cold to me, on a sudden, as if my own mad hopes were dead leaves, too, whirled away by the wind like the rest. Hopes! Betrothed, or not betrothed, she was equally far from *me*. Would other men have remembered that in my place? Not if they had loved her as I did.

The pang passed; and nothing but the dull numbing pain of it remained. I felt Miss Halcombe's hand again, tightening its hold on my arm—I raised my head, and looked at her. Her large black eyes were rooted on me, watching the white change on my face, which I felt, and which she saw.

"Crush it!" she said. "Here, where you first saw her, crush it! Don't shrink under it like a woman. Tear it out; trample it under foot like a man!"

The suppressed vehemence with which she spoke; the strength which her will—concentrated in the look she fixed on me, and in the hold on my arm that she had not yet relinquished—communicated to mine, steadied me. We both waited for a minute, in silence. At the end of that time I had justified her generous faith in my manhood; I had, outwardly at least, recovered my self-control.

"Are you yourself again?"

"Enough myself, Miss Halcombe, to ask your pardon and hers. Enough myself, to be guided by your advice, and to prove my gratitude in that way, if I can prove it in no other."

"You have proved it already," she answered, "by those words. Mr. Hartright, concealment is at an end between us. I can not affect to hide from *you*, what my sister has unconsciously shown to *me*. You must leave us for her sake, as well as for your own. Your presence here, your necessary intimacy with us, harmless as it has been, God knows, in all other respects, has unsteadied her and made her wretched. I, who love her better than my own life—I who have learned to believe in that pure, noble, innocent nature as I believe in my religion—know but too well the secret misery of self-reproach that she has been suffering, since the first shadow of a feeling disloyal to her marriage engagement entered her heart in spite of her. I don't say—it would be useless to attempt to say it, after what has happened—that her engagement has ever had a strong hold on her affections. It is an engagement of honor, not of love—her father sanctioned it on his death-bed, two years since—she herself neither welcomed it, nor shrank from it—she was content to make it. Till you came here, she was in the position of hundreds of other women, who marry men without being greatly attracted to them or greatly repelled by them, and who learn to love them (when they don't learn to hate!) after marriage, instead of before. I hope more earnestly than words can say—and you should have the self-sacrificing courage to hope too—that the new thoughts and feelings which have disturbed the old calmness and the old content, have not taken root too deeply to be ever removed. Your absence (if I had less belief in your honor, and your courage, and your sense, I should not trust to them as I am trusting now)—your absence will help my efforts; and time will help us all three. It is something to know that my first confidence in you was not all misplaced. It is something to know that you will not be less honest, less manly, less considerate toward the pupil whose relation to yourself you have had the misfortune to forget, than toward the stranger and the outcast whose appeal to you was not made in vain."

Again the chance reference to the woman in white! Was there no possibility of speaking of Miss Fairlie and of me without raising the memory of Anne Catherick, and setting her between us like a fatality that it was hopeless to avoid?

"Tell me what apology I can make to Mr. Fairlie for breaking my engagement," I said. "Tell me when to go after that apology is accepted. I promise implicit obedience to you and to your advice."

"Time is, every way, of importance," she answered. "You heard me refer this morning to Monday next, and to the necessity of setting the purple room in order. The visitor whom we expect on Monday—"

I could not wait for her to be more explicit. Knowing what I knew now, the memory of Miss Fairlie's look and manner at the breakfast-table told me that the expected visitor at Limmeridge House was her future husband. I tried to force it back; but something rose within me at that moment stronger than my own will; and I interrupted Miss Halcombe.

"Let me go to-day," I said, bitterly. "The sooner the better."

"No; not to-day," she replied. "The only reason you can assign to Mr. Fairlie for your departure, before the end of your engagement, must be that an unforeseen necessity compels you to ask his permission to return at once to London. You must wait till to-morrow to tell him that, at the time when the post comes in, because he will then understand the sudden change in your plans, by associating it with the arrival of a letter from London. It is miserable and sickening to descend to deceit, even of the most harmless kind—but I know Mr. Fairlie, and if you once excite his suspicions that you are trifling with him, he will refuse to release you. Speak to him on Friday morning; occupy yourself afterward (for the sake of your own interests with your employer) in leaving your unfinished work in as little confusion as possible; and quit this place on Saturday. It will be time enough then, Mr. Hartright, for you, and for all of us."

Before I could assure her that she might depend on my acting in the strictest accordance with her wishes, we were both startled by advancing footsteps in the shrubbery. Some one was coming from the house to seek for us! I felt the blood rush into my cheeks, and then leave them again. Could the third person who was fast approaching us, at such a time and under such circumstances, be Miss Fairlie?

It was a relief—so sadly, so hopelessly was my position toward her changed already—it was absolutely a relief to me, when the person who had disturbed us appeared at the entrance of the summer-house, and proved to be only Miss Fairlie's maid.

"Could I speak to you for a moment, Miss?" said the girl, in rather a flurried, unsettled manner.

Miss Halcombe descended the steps into the shrubbery, and walked aside a few paces with the maid.

Left by myself, my mind reverted, with a sense of forlorn wretchedness which it is not in any words that I can find to describe, to my approaching return to the solitude and the despair of my lonely London home. Thoughts of my kind old mother, and of my sister, who had rejoiced with her so innocently over my prospects in Cumberland—thoughts whose long banishment from my heart it was now my shame and my reproach to realize for the first time—came back to me with the loving mournfulness of old, neglected friends. My mother and my sister, what would they feel when I returned to them from my broken engagement, with the confession of my miserable secret—they who had parted from me so hopefully on that last happy night in the Hampstead cottage?

Anne Catherick again! Even the memory of the farewell evening with my mother and my sister could not return to me now, unconnected with that other memory of the moonlight walk back to London. What did it mean? Were that woman and I to meet once more? It was possible, at the least. Did she know that I lived in London? Yes; I had told her so, either before or after that strange question of hers, when she had asked me so distrustfully if I knew many men of the rank of Baronet. Either before or after—my mind was not calm enough, then, to remember which.

A few minutes elapsed before Miss Halcombe dismissed the maid and came back to me. She, too, looked flurried and unsettled now.

"We have arranged all that is necessary, Mr. Hartright," she said. "We have understood each other, as friends should; and we may go back at once to the house. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about Laura. She has sent to say she wants to see me directly; and the maid reports that her mistress is apparently very much agitated by a letter that she has received this morning—the same letter, no doubt, which I sent on to the house before we came here."

We retraced our steps together hastily along the shrubbery path. Although Miss Halcombe had ended all that she thought it necessary to say, on her side, I had not ended all that I wanted to say on mine. From the moment when I had discovered that the expected visitor at Limmeridge was Miss Fairlie's future husband, I had felt a bitter curiosity, a burning envious eagerness, to know who he was. It was possible that a future opportunity of putting the question might not easily offer; so I risked asking it on our way back to the house.

"Now that you are kind enough to tell me we have understood each other, Miss Halcombe," I said; "now that you are sure of my gratitude for your forbearance and my obedience to your wishes, may I venture to ask who"—(I hesitated; I had forced myself to think of him, but it was harder still to speak of him, as her promised husband)—"who the gentleman engaged to Miss Fairlie is?"

Her mind was evidently occupied with the message she had received from her sister. She answered, in a hasty, absent way:

"A gentleman of large property, in Hampshire."

Hampshire! Anne Catherick's native place. Again, and yet again, the woman in white. There *was* a fatality in it.

"And his name?" I said, as quietly and indifferently as I could.

"Sir Percival Glyde."

Sir—Sir Percival! Anne Catherick's question—that suspicious question about the men of the rank of Baronet whom I might happen to know—had hardly been dismissed from my mind by Miss Halcombe's return to me in the summer-house, before it was recalled again by her own answer. I stopped suddenly, and looked at her.

"Sir Percival Glyde," she repeated, imagining that I had not heard her former reply.

"Knight, or Baronet?" I asked, with an agitation that I could hide no longer.

She paused for a moment, and then answered, rather coldly:

"Baronet, of course."

LITERARY.

WE are informed that the talented Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Virginia, is about to publish a work entitled "Leisure Moments." This young lady, who is only twenty, and is as lovely as she is gifted, has lately received the compliment of a degree of A.M. from the Harrisburg Female Institute. Mrs. Sigourney is, we believe, the only lady who had been previously thus honored.

FISHER'S RIVER (North Carolina) SCENES AND CHARACTERS, *by Skitt, "who was raised thar,"* is most funnily illustrated by McLenan, and published by Harper & Brothers. The volume is a series of laughable sketches of character which the reader will not fail to recognize with shouts of delight. If any thing can add to the fun of a good story, that any thing must be McLenan's capital cuts. These men, that talk the most excruciating provincialisms on the pages of the letter-press, would be unintelligible if we did not have their faces in the wood-cuts, when we can at once give them voices.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, December 5, the Thirty-sixth Congress met in the Capitol at the City of Washington. At noon the Senate was called to order by the Vice-president. Twenty-eight Senators were present. After prayer by Mr. Gurley, Senator Mason, of Virginia, submitted a resolution, which he said he would call up on the following day, for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the facts attending the late invasion and seizure of the Armory and Arsenal at Harper's Ferry by a band of armed men, and report whether the same was attended by armed resistance to the authorities and public force of the United States, and the murder of any citizens of Virginia, or any troops sent there to protect public property; whether such invasion was made under color of any organization intended to subvert the government of any of the States of the Union; the character and extent of such organization: whether any citizens of the United States not present were implicated therein, or accessory thereto by contributions of money, arms, munitions, or otherwise; the character and extent of the military equipment in the hands or under the control of said armed band; where, how, and when the same was obtained, and transported to the place invaded: also, to report what legislation, if any, is necessary by the Government for the future preservation of the peace of the country, and the safety of public property; the Committee to have power to send for persons and papers.

Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, gave notice of an amendment, to include in the inquiry the seizure of the arsenal at Franklin, Missouri. Senator Gwin gave notice of a Pacific Railroad Bill.——In the House, after the call to order, the following gentlemen having been named for the Speakership, a vote was taken, with the following result; Bocock, 86; Sherman, 66; Grow, 43; Boteler, 14; Nelson, 5; Gilmer, 3; Davis, 2; Phelps, 1; Corwin, 1; Adrain, 1; Hill, 1; Pennington, 1; Hickman, 1; Haskin, 2; M'Queen, 1; and Clark, 1. Mr. Grow having withdrawn his name, a debate arose on a speech and resolutions proposed by Mr. Clark, of Missouri. The resolutions were as follows:

Whereas, Certain Members of this House, now in nomination for Speaker, did indorse and recommend the book hereinafter named; therefore

Resolved, That the doctrines and sentiments of a certain book, called "The Impending Crisis of the South, and How to Meet It," purporting to have been written by H. R. Helper, are incendiary, and hostile to the domestic peace and tranquillity of the country, and that no member of this House who recommended or indorsed it, or the compend, is fit to be Speaker of this House.

This led to a debate in which Messrs. Clark, Florence, Washburne of Maine, Stevens, Kilgore, Farnsworth, Palmer, and Kellogg took part. Mr. Kellogg then moved an adjournment, which was carried.

On Tuesday, December 6, in the Senate, Senator Mason's resolution being called up, speeches were made by Senators Trumbull, Mason, Hall, Davis, Crittenden, Wilson, Clark, Brown, Pugh, and Iverson.——In the House, Mr. Clark's resolution was taken up and debated by the mover, Messrs. Gilmer, Washburn, Burnett, Garnett, Millson, Sherman, Horace Clark, Leake, Keitt, Stevens, and others, till the House adjourned. Great confusion prevailed during the debates.

On Wednesday, December 7, in the Senate, a report was presented showing the progress made in printing American State papers. After some notices of motions, Mr. Mason's resolution was taken up, and speeches made thereon by Senators Simmons, Mallory, Iverson, Clingman, Hale, Fessenden, Brown, Chandler, Doolittle, Chestnut, Pugh, and Trumbull.——In the House, after a personal explanation by Mr. Kellogg, further debate was had on Mr. Clark's resolution, in which Messrs. Garnett, Lamar, Kellogg, Nelson, Pryor, and others took part. A second ballot was then taken for Speaker with the following result: Sherman, 107; Bocock, 88; Gilmer, 22; Scattering 14.

On Thursday, 8th, in the Senate, after several notices of motions and resolutions, among which was one by Senator Slidell of a bill appropriating money to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba, Mr. Mason's resolution was taken up, and was debated throughout the day. Speeches were made by Senators Trumbull, Yulee, Clay, Pugh, Davis, Mason, Wilson, and Johnson; but no vote was taken.—In the House, speeches, mainly on the slavery question, were made by Messrs. Davis, Morris, Moore, Corwin, Stanton, Sherman, and Cox; no vote was taken for Speaker.

On Friday, 9th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, a discussion took place between Messrs. Logan and Kellogg, referring to the course of Senator Douglas. This led to an angry altercation and to much disorder. Some conversation followed, in which Messrs. Haskin, Logan, and Stanton took part. A vote for Speaker was then taken, with the following result: For Sherman, 110; Bocock, 88; Gilmer, 20; Scattering, 13. Necessary to a choice, 116. The House then adjourned.

On Saturday, December 10, in the House, the Senate not being in session, a conversation took place between Messrs. Hickman, Reagan, Stanton, and others, on the subject of a motion for the adoption of the plurality rule made on Friday by the latter. This was followed by set speeches on the slavery question and party politics by Messrs. William Smith, Horace F. Clark, Miles, and Curry, of Alabama. On motion of John Cochrane, the House then adjourned.

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS NOT POSTABLE.

Our readers will probably bear in mind that a couple of weeks ago a Virginia postmaster wrote to Governor Wise, asking information as to what disposition he should make of such incendiary newspapers as the *Tribune*, and others of that stamp from Ohio, received at his office. The letter was referred to the Attorney-General of Virginia, who decided that the incendiary publications should be destroyed. The Postmaster-General has indorsed this view. He says that the people of Virginia may not only forbid the introduction and dissemination of such documents within their borders, but, if they are brought there in the mails, they may, by appropriate legal proceedings, have them destroyed. They have the same right to extinguish firebrands thus impiously hurled in the midst of their homes and altars that a man has to pluck the burning fuse from a bombshell which is about to explode at his feet.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.

Hon. John J. Pettus, the newly-elected Democratic Governor of Mississippi, was inaugurated at Jackson, with considerable pomp, on the 21st ult. In his inaugural address the Governor said he regarded the scene at Harper's Ferry as a mere rash attempt to put the Black Republican creed into practical operation. He thought it the beginning of the end of the "irrepressible conflict." He alluded to the fact that the anti-slavery party had obtained the control of the State governments of nearly all the non-slaveholding States, where the constitutional rights of Southern citizens were violated, their property destroyed or stolen, and their lives jeopardized; while the Federal Government seems either unwilling or unable to guard the rights or redress the wrongs of slaveholders. This he regarded as only one of their modes of making war upon the institution of slavery. They are now gathering their forces to take under their control the powers of the Federal Government, to pervert it from the plain purposes of its creation into an engine for the destruction of the interests of the South. Their aggressions would then become intolerable, and he would turn from it to any remedy that God or nature may put into our hands. The Black Republican party recognizes a higher law than the Constitution; they have violated its plain provisions in the past, and he thinks the expectation that the institution of slavery will be saved from destruction by the barriers of the Constitution, when the Black Republican party control the affairs of the Federal Government, is as vain as the prayer of the heathen to his wooden god. The only hope he had was in the power of the united voice of the South, by telling them thus far shalt thou go and no farther. It would bring them to their senses, and a band of patriots who would preserve the Union would rally to our support even in the North.

GOVERNOR WISE ON THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.

The Legislature of Virginia organized at Richmond, Virginia, on December 5.

Governor Wise's Message reviews the Harper's Ferry affair at great length. It speaks of the spirit of fanaticism and one idea of the abolitionists which has seemed to madden whole masses of one entire section of the country, which enters into their religion, education, politics, prayers, Courts of Justice, and Legislatures; which has trained up three generations in moral and social habits of hatred to the masters of African slaves in the United States, but turns not upon slavery elsewhere; which would have sent a rescue to assassins, robbers, murderers, and traitors, whom it has sent to felons' graves. Unless the numerical majority shall cease to violate the confederate faith, and cease to disturb our peace, to destroy our lives and property, and to deprive us of all the protection and redress under the perverted forms and distorted workings of the Union, we must take up arms. The issue is too essential to be compromised any more. We can not stand such insults and outrages as these of the Harper's Ferry, without suffering worse than death as citizens, and without suffering in dishonor the death of a State. It is not to be denied that we have many sound and sincere friends in the non-slaveholding States; but the conservative elements are passive, while the fanatical are active, and the former is fast diminishing, while the latter is increasing in numbers and force.

THE NATURE OF THE EMEUTE.

With regard to the insurgents, he says it is a mockery to call them monomaniacs. If they were, then a large portion of the people of many of the States are monomaniacs. The leader himself spurned this plea, and it was not put in upon the trials. They were prompted by the evil spirits of incendiarism which demoralized a numerous host of enemies behind them, who now sympathized with their deeds before the world. These hired them, without themselves incurring the risk of their crimes, and no wonder they now sympathize with them even to madness, and that John Brown despised the hypocritical cant of their pretense that he was insane. The execution of our laws is necessary to warn future victims not again to be the tool of this sympathy. We have friends or we have not in the States whence these invaders came. They must now be not only conservative, but active to prevent the invader coming. It was impossible for so much of such sympathy to exist without exciting bad men to action—rescue or revenge. On this he acted. He has been compelled by the apprehension of the most unparalleled border war to place the State in as full panoply of military defense as if foreign enemies invaded the United States. Indeed, one most irritating feature of this predatory war is that it has its seat in British provinces, which furnish asylums for our fugitives, and send them and their hired outlaws upon us from dépôts and rendezvous in the bordering States. There is no danger from our slaves or colored people. The slaves taken refused to take arms, and the first man killed was a respectable free negro while running from the philanthropists who came to liberate the black race.

WHAT THE VIRGINIANS MUST DO.

In closing the Message he says: We must rely upon ourselves, fight for peace, organize and arm, demand of each State what position she means to maintain in the future in respect to slavery and the provision of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the provision of the State laws for its protection in our Federal relations, and be governed according to the manner in which the demand may be answered. We are in arms.

With regard to the reports and rumors of organized conspiracies to obstruct our laws, the Governor says they were from so many sources, so simultaneous, so far apart; from persons so unlike in evidences of education, they could be from no conspiracy to hoax; but he relied not so much upon them as upon the earnest continued appeal of sympathizers with crimes. Let us defend our own position or yield at once. Let us have action and resolve upon a definite settlement. No more temporizing with the Constitution—no more compromises. The other convicts await execution, and will be executed unless the General Assembly orders otherwise. This will meet the open invasion, but acts only on individual convicts, and don't settle the question of our peace and protection in the future. It remains only for me to offer myself, all that I am and all that I have, to the Commonwealth, whenever she may order me or mine in service when my term of office closes.

UNION DEMONSTRATIONS AT THE NORTH.

A tremendous Union demonstration meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, at eleven o'clock on Thursday, at which there was congregated one of the most numerous assemblies that ever came together in that building. The enthusiasm was of the most exciting character—in fact, a more enthusiastic meeting was never held in any city in the Union, although the early part of the day was wet and stormy. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Caleb Cushing, and Governor Lincoln, of Massachusetts. The crowd was so great that hundreds of people could not gain admission to the building.

At Philadelphia a formidable demonstration of the same character was made on the previous evening, at which thousands, notwithstanding the ill weather, were present, and the speeches abounding in devotion to the Union, and reprobation of John Brown.

A similar meeting is shortly to be held with the same view in New York City.

DEATH OF THEODORE SEDGWICK.

Honorable Theodore Sedgwick, a distinguished member of the New York bar, and United States District-Attorney for this district, died on Thursday evening, at his family residence, in Stockbridge. He was widely and favorably known as a lawyer of ability, and also as the author of a treatise on the "Measure of Damages," and another upon "Statutes." The first-mentioned of these books has attained a wide celebrity, not only in this country, but also in Europe. Mr. Sedgwick's death was suitably noticed in several of the Courts, which adjourned upon the announcement.

CHARTER ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

The Charter Election in this city resulted in the defeat of Messrs. Havemeyer and Opdyke, and the triumph of Fernando Wood. The vote was as follows: Wood, 30,125; Havemeyer, 26,843; Opdyke, 21,773. Plurality for Wood over Havemeyer, 3285—nearly the same as the majority for Tiemann (3331) over Wood in 1857. The aggregate vote cast was 78,741—less by 4402 than the total polled at the election of 1857. Havemeyer ran 5070 ahead of Opdyke; Wood over Opdyke, 8352.

JOHN BROWN'S WILL.

The following has been published:

"CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, *December* 1, 1859.

"I give to my son, John Brown, Jun., my surveying compass and other surveyors' articles, if found; also my old favorite monument, now at North Elba, New York, to receive upon its two sides a further inscription, such as I will hereafter write; said stone monument, however, to remain at North Elba so long as any of my children or my wife may remain there as residents.

"I give to my son, Jason Brown, my silver watch with my name engraved on the inner case.

"I give to my son, Owen Brown, my double spy opera-glass and my rifle, if found, presented to me at Worcester, Massachusetts. It is globe-sided and new.

"I give also to the said son fifty dollars in cash, to be paid him from the proceeds of my father's estate, as an offset to the first two cases above-named.

"I give to my daughter, Ruth Thompson, my very large Bible, containing family records.

"I give to each of my sons and to each of my other daughters, my son-in-law, Henry Thompson, and to each of my daughters-in-law, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at any book-store in New York or Boston at a cost of five dollars each in cash, to be paid out of my father's estate.

"I give to each of my grandchildren, that may be living when my father's estate is settled, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at a cost of three dollars each, and all the Bibles to be purchased for cash on the best terms.

"I desire to have $50 paid out of the final proceeds of my father's estate to the following named persons, to wit:

"To Allen Hammond, of Rockville, Tolland County, Connecticut.

"To Geo. Kellogg, former agent of the New England Company, at that place, for the use and benefit of that Company.

"Also, fifty dollars to Silas Havens, formerly of Twinsburg, Summit County, Ohio, if he can be found.

"Also, fifty dollars to a man, formerly of Stark County, Ohio, who sued my father in his lifetime, through Judge Humphrey, and Mr. Upson, of Akron, to be paid by J. R. Brown to the man in person if he can be found. His name I can not remember. My father made a compromise with the man by turning him out of house and lot at Monroeville.

"I desire that any remaining balance that may become my due from my father's estate may be paid in equal amounts to my wife and each of my children and to the widows of Watson and Oliver Brown by my brother.

"JOHN BROWN, Sen."

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. BROWN.

The following letter from Governor Wise to Mrs. Brown has been published:

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *Nov.* 26, 1859.

"*To Mrs. Mary A. Brown, now in Philadelphia:*

"MADAM.—Yours of the 21st inst., addressed to me from Philadelphia, came to my hand this morning. Believe me, madam, that I sadly thank you for your trust in my feelings as a man. Your situation touches those feelings deeply. Sympathizing as I do with your affliction, you shall have the exertion of my authority and personal influence to assist you in gathering up the bones of your sons and your husband in Virginia for decent and tender interment among their kindred.

"I am happy, madam, that you seem to have the wisdom and virtue to appreciate my position of duty. Would to God that public consideration could avert his doom, for the Omniscient knows that I take not the slightest pleasure in the execution of any whom the laws condemn. May He have mercy on the erring and the afflicted!

"Inclosed is an order to Major-General William B. Taliaferro, in command at Charlestown, Virginia, to deliver to your order the mortal remains of your husband when all shall be over, to be delivered to your agent at Harper's Ferry, and, if you attend the reception in person, to guard you sacredly in your solemn mission.

"With tenderness and truth, I am, very respectfully, your humble servant, HENRY A. WISE."

GOVERNOR WISE TO GENERAL TALIAFERRO.

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *Nov.* 26, 1859.

"*To Major-General William B. Taliaferro, in command at Charlestown.*

"SIR.—When John Brown is executed, on Friday, the 2d proximo, you will place his mortal remains under strict guard, and protect them from all mutilation. Place them in a plain, decent coffin, and have them taken to Harper's Ferry, there to await the orders and agent of Mrs. Mary A. Brown, who has a duplicate of this order. You will also allow the bodies of her sons, who fell at Harper's Ferry, to be disinterred, and taken by her or her agent or order. Respectfully yours,

"HENRY A. WISE."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

LORD COWLEY, the British Embassador at Paris, has crossed the Channel, and made his way to Windsor, to have an interview with the Queen. There is something in the wind, for a Cabinet Council was held the next day. The papers ask, What can it be? According to a Belgian authority the visit refers to a proposal made by the French Government for a simultaneous disarmament of France and England. According to an English correspondent in Paris, the object is to induce the British Cabinet to send a representative to the Congress. If the gossip of the French metropolis is to be believed, the Emperor persuaded Lord Cowley to proceed home, and impressed upon him, before leaving, that if the British Government would send a representative he was willing to make any reasonable concession which would not stultify his own acts at Villafranca. Finally, he is said to have dismissed the English Embassador with the assurance that his presence at the Congress would be a deep gratification to him.

ENGLISH HEROES SERVING FOR MANURE.

The *Times* calls attention to the report that 237 tons of bones have been imported from Sebastopol, and asks if they are the bones of men and animals commingled, and now exported by Russia, and imported by English speculators, to manure our fields? The subject is one which must be so painful to many persons whose relatives and friends were engaged in the late war that it would be well if it were quickly set at rest.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S VIEWS ON THE ITALIAN REGENCY.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 23d of November contains the following important announcement:

"The French Government, believing that the delegation of the Regency of Central Italy to M. Buoncompagnie would prejudice the question which will be submitted to the approaching Congress, had looked on the adoption of the above measure with regret. This impression is now modified by the explanations given by the Government of Sardinia, which declare that the maintenance of public order was the sole object and only aim of the above delegation to M. Buoncompagnie, and that the concentration in his hands of the government of Central Italy had in no manner the character of a virtual Regency."

WHAT THE EMPEROR IS ABOUT.

The festivities at Compiègne, neither the hunting by day nor theatricals by night, seem to impede the Emperor's activity in business. Both peace and war occupy him by turns, and the agricultural movement, which has evidently become one of the sternest necessity to the well-being of the empire, has shared of late the imperial care and attention with the gun-boat operations about to be established on the Seine, at Poissy. The Paris folk will at last be enabled to enjoy to their soul's content the contemplation of the dangers and delights of a naval action. A redoubt has been erected by the Emperor's orders, and under his direction at Poissy, within a Sunday trip of the Paris *badaud*, and the gun-boats from Toulon and Cherbourg are about to be brought up the Seine in order to practice their fire under the Emperor's eye. The point of Poissy has been chosen for its convenient proximity to Fontainebleau, whence the Emperor may visit the works and direct the experiments whenever it suits him. The time and study to be devoted to the implements of war do not, however, prevent his Majesty from following up with the most energetic perseverance and generous encouragement all the improvements in agricultural science presented to his notice. By imperial order an inquiry is to be made into the local requirements of the agricultural districts of France, and the means of bringing their local resources more generally into play.

MORTARA'S FATHER IN PARIS.

The father of the kidnapped boy Mortara, whose arrival in Paris has been announced, is still young, and of gentleman-like demeanor. He is very calm in manner, but is energetically resolved to spare no pains to obtain possession of his child. His wife recently gave birth to another child at Bologna, to which place she went from Rome, in order not to run the risk of having it taken from her. M. and Madame Mortara intend to take up their residence in Piedmont. M. Mortara when at Rome was not allowed to see his child, except in presence of priests, but was told that the little fellow should be given up to him if he himself would consent to be converted. He wanted the Roman Government to consent to allow the child to be removed from Rome to a convent in Turin; but seeing that this was not likely to be granted he came to Paris in order to bring his case before the Congress.

MR. SEWARD IN PARIS.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Mr. Seward, in company with the Count de Sartiges, was invited to Compiègne one day last week, and had a long interview with the Emperor. The Count, who believes firmly in the election of Mr. Seward at the next Presidential election, no doubt introduced the Senator to His Majesty as the prospective President; but since Mr. Douglas was thus introduced at St. Cloud five years ago, and then failed his election, His Majesty, perhaps, made a mental reservation this time. Nevertheless, Mr. Seward had every reason to be gratified with the distinguished manner in which he was received by the Emperor."

COST OF DRESS AT COMPIEGNE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* writes: "*Apropos* to dresses, there is a system established at Compiègne that in English ideas does seem something positively wicked. Four toilets a day are about the general requirement, though there are days when only three are necessary; the invitations are for eight days, and no lady is expected ever to be seen twice wearing the same gown. Count this up, and you will find an average of thirty or thirty-two toilets to be carried down to the court. Suppose a female *invitée* not to be alone, but to have a daughter (or two daughters) with her, you come at once to ninety or ninety-six dresses! Now the average of these gowns will be 250 francs (£10), because, while the finer one costs 300, 400, or 500 francs each, there may be some which cost only 120 or 150 francs; but put them all at 250 francs, you reach, for each person, the figure of £300 or £320; and if two persons, £600 or £640; if three, £900 or £960."

A GRATEFUL THIEF.

The Lyons journals have the following: "M. L——, a wealthy merchant at Lyons, lost, about three years ago, a pocket-book containing 3000 francs, and though he offered a liberal reward for its restitution, he could not hear any thing about it. He soon forgot the matter, but three days ago he received a box containing 3450 francs in notes and gold, and this letter: 'Sir, it was I who, three years ago, found your pocket-book. I was then a poor fellow, in search, like Jerome Paturot, of a social position. I at first thought of giving it up to you, but I reflected that the money would not make you richer than you are, while it might enable me to prosper in life. And so I capitulated with my conscience. But I promised myself to repay you in the event of God crowning my efforts with success. This is what I now do. Here is your money, and the interest it would have produced you if invested. I am now tolerably well off, having prospered in business. I am married, and have a child six months old. I have given your Christian name to the little fellow; for though you have unwittingly been my benefactor, I do not the less feel indebted to you, and I bless your name every day!'"

A FAITHFUL WIDOW.

The *Court Journal* says: "The widow of Balzac is married to Gigoux, the painter and *expert* of the Louvre. The condition of the marriage is singular enough. The lady is to retain the name of Balzac, even in signing legal documents, and to be called in her domestic circle by no other name than that of her first husband, from whose glory she will not depart."

CARRYING A DEAD WIFE ABOUT.

The *Journal de la Nièvre* says: "A man named Jardin, 72 years of age, employed in the tobacco manufactory of Nevers, was, a few days ago, while leaving the railway station with some tobacco for which he had been sent, knocked down by a tilbury, and greatly injured. He was taken home, and a medical man was sent for; but he positively refused, in spite of repeated exhortations, to allow his clothes to be removed to have his injuries examined; and when an attempt was made to take them off by force, he fell back and expired. His clothes were then removed, and a bag was found to be fastened round his body. The bag was opened, and, to the astonishment of the persons present, a human hand, dried up, was found in it. The daughter of the deceased then stated that her father had, two days before, made to her an extraordinary disclosure. 'In two days,' he said, 'I shall be dead!' The daughter begged him not to entertain such a strange idea; but he said he had a presentiment that he was about to die, and that he knew it would be realized. 'And,' he continued, 'when I am dead, open with this key my prie-Dieu' (the man was very religious, and passed much of his time in prayer), 'and deposit in my coffin what you will find therein!' The girl wanted to know what the prie-Dieu contained, and he answered, 'The remains of your mother!' The girl was utterly astounded; but the man, with perfect seriousness, repeated his extraordinary assertion, and then added: 'About eight years back, you know, we quitted Saint Germain des Bois, where your poor mother, who died five years before, was buried. I could not bear the idea of leaving her remains there; and so one dark night I went to the cemetery, opened her grave, and took them out. And you will find them in the prie-Dieu, on which I have so often prayed.' The prie-Dieu was opened, and in a shako of a National Guard was found the head of a woman, with the hair still on; while beneath it were ranged in order the bones of a female skeleton. In compliance with the request of the man, these ghastly remains were placed in his coffin."

BABY POISONED BY A DOLL.

The *Journal de Médécine*, of Brussels, states that a few days ago a child of about a year old, who appeared to be in dreadful pain, and had a sort of foam at the mouth, was taken to an apothecary at Bossu, and he found that the little creature had been poisoned by sucking the painted face of a doll, in which an extract of lead had been mixed. He administered medicines which saved the child's life, but he suggests that toy-makers ought to be prohibited from employing poisonous substances in painting their playthings.

ITALY.

RETIREMENT OF GARIBALDI.

An exact copy of Garibaldi's address to the Italians has come to hand. It is as follows:

"Underhand machinations were continually impeding the freedom of action attached to the rank I occupied in the army of Central Italy, and which I made use of in the endeavor to attain the object which every good Italian has in view. I leave for the moment the military service. On the day when Victor Emanuel shall again call his soldiers to arms for the redemption of the country, I will find again a weapon of some sort, and a place by the side of my valiant companions. The miserable, tortuous policy which for a moment disturbs the majestic march of our affairs, must convince us that it is necessary for us to draw close around the valorous and loyal soldier of independence, incapable of retrograding in his sublime and generous path, and that we ought now more than ever to prepare gold and steel, so as to be able to meet those who may endeavor to plunge us back again into the miseries of the past. JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

"NICE, *November* 18, 1859."

A manifestation was attempted at Bologna on the announcement of Garibaldi's resignation. The number of persons was small, and they were immediately dispersed.

IMPORTANT ARREST AT ROME.

Much sensation has been produced at Rome by the arrest of Signor Santangelo, a leading member of the young liberal party, and a personal friend of the ex-Piedmontese Minister, Count della Minerva. He was captured by the sbirri, on Tuesday evening, while leaving the Opera, and carried off to the prison of Monte Citario, where he is supposed to be still, there being no habeas corpus whereby his friends may verify his whereabouts.

SPAIN.

MARIO FIGHTING A DUEL.

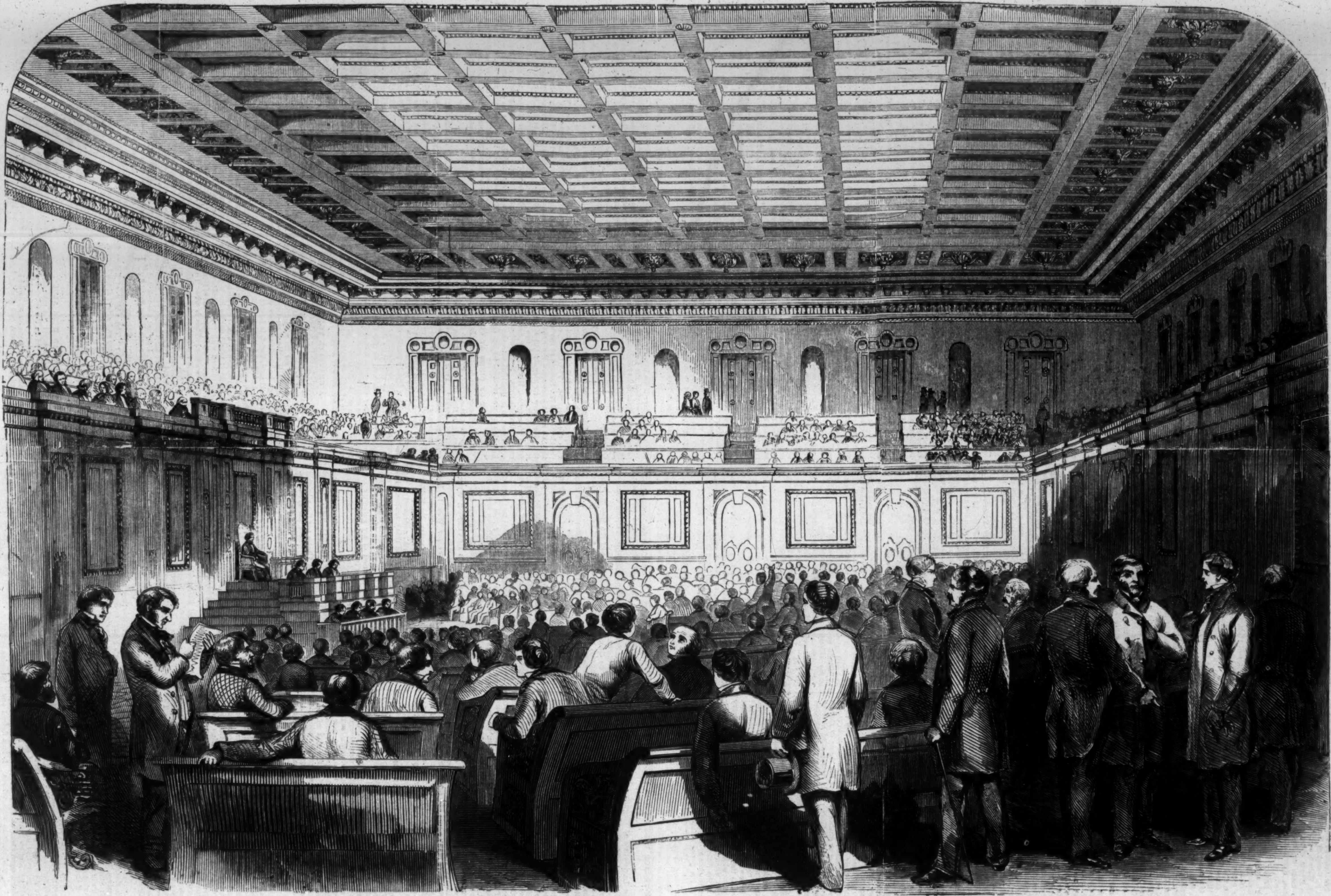
The Madrid correspondent of the *Advertiser*, writing on the 16th ult., says: "The brutal treatment which Madame Grisi has experienced at the hands of the high-born, well-bred, potato-hurling, howling audience which frequents the Italian Opera here, has given rise to much recrimination. Signor Mario has naturally resented these gross and brutal insults on a lady whose former fame should have secured her immunity at least from an insult. But in his remonstrances he has been met by the remark that during the hey-day of her prosperity Madame Grisi disdained to accept any of the brilliant offers of the Madrid managers, and that she only does so now, when her cracked and broken voice fails to procure any price in the market. Many angry discussions have arisen on this matter, and at last they have resulted in a duel, which came off yesterday. The principals were Signor Mario and Señor San Miguel, the director of the Principe Theatre. After several passes, and both combatants were wounded, the one in the face, the other in the arm, the seconds interfered, and the honor of both was declared scot free. Neither has been seriously hurt; indeed, Mario would be able to sing again next week, were his services required, but he will decline ever again to sing in this capital."

TURKEY.

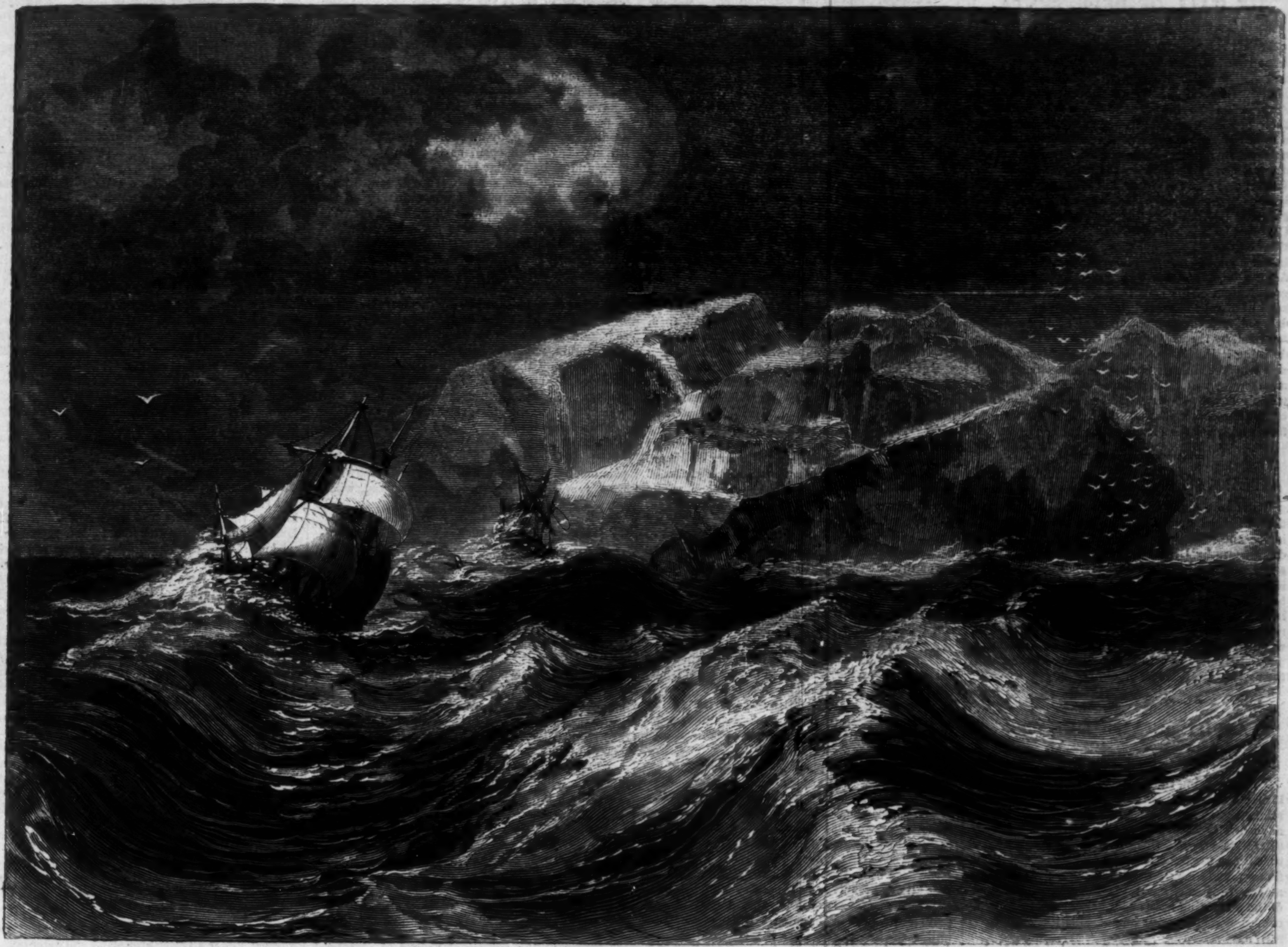
A SULTANA SOLD OUT.

A Constantinople correspondent of the *Presse* gives the following account of an affair which had for some days been the subject of conversation in that city:

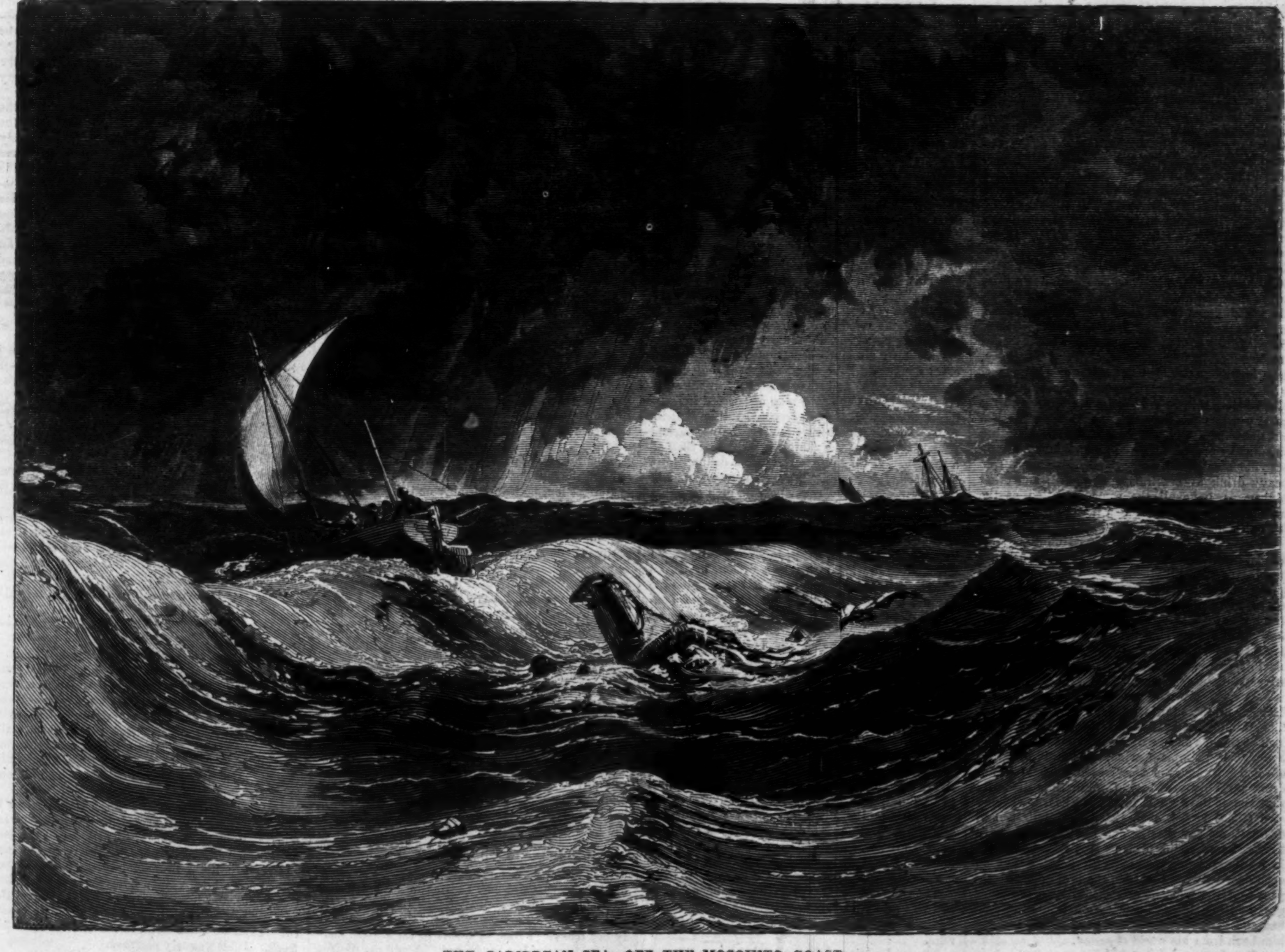
"About three years since the Sultan dismissed from the Seraglio one of his wives, named Bésimé-Sultana. She was a Circassian, and of great beauty, and being far superior to her companions in mental endowments, she had acquired great influence in the palace, which occasioned no little jealousy, and raised her numerous enemies. A trifling circumstance favored their designs. One of the Sultan's sons having lost his mother, the Sultana Bésimé was chosen to replace her. As the young Prince happened one day to be unruly, she gave him a slight tap on the cheek. This was reported to the Sultan with gross exaggeration, and he decided that the lady should leave the Seraglio. She was, however, treated with all respect, and a palace assigned for her residence at Balta-Limen, on the Bosphorus, with an allowance equivalent to about 10,000 francs per month. This income, however, was too small for her style of living, and in the course of two years she had contracted heavy debts. The ex-Sultana, seeing there was no hope of recovering the Sultan's favor, applied to him for permission to marry, which was granted. Shortly after, Tevfik Pasha, a general of division, became her husband. This gentleman, who was educated in Paris, and who speaks French very fluently, held the office of chief of the staff in the Ministry of War, and having the habit of speaking his mind freely on men and things, made himself a great many enemies, among whom was the present Minister, Riza Pasha. His superiors in rank, dreading his criticisms, sought every opportunity of getting him out of the way, by appointing him to offices in distant localities, which, however, he constantly refused. After Tevfik's marriage with the ex-Sultana her creditors became very pressing for payment, and on their applying to his enemy, Riza Pasha, the latter resolved to make them proceed against Tevfik Pasha, and seize his property to pay the wife's debts. Having taken his measures, Riza Pasha went to a friend's house at Balta-Liman on the 23d ult., and by his directions his friend sent to request the presence of Tevfik Pasha. The latter, on arriving, found himself in presence of Riza and a number of soldiers. Riza immediately ordered him to embark on board a steamer lying at Bebek, which was to carry him in exile to Broussa. Tevfik protested, and said he would appeal to the Sultan; but Riza replied that he was executing the Sultan's orders, and further informed him that Bésimé was included in the decree of exile, that all their goods would be sold for the benefit of their creditors, and that they must be ready to start in a quarter of an hour. This proceeding has excited universal reprobation among the Turks, and the Minister of War will soon have to repent that he has used his power and influence to gratify petty animosities."



BALLOTING FOR A SPEAKER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON, DECEMBER, 1859.



THE CARIBBEAN SEA—A GALE OFF THE COAST OF HAYTI.



THE CARIBBEAN SEA—OFF THE MOSQUITO COAST.

THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

IT is pretty generally known that an experiment is being tried in Congress. The old chairs and desks which were provided when the new House of Representatives was opened have been discarded, and sofas without desks substituted in their place. The idea has been that as members can not write, or even read comfortably, on the new sofas without desk or table before them, more attention will be paid to the subject before the House, and short speeches and fewer orations will become the rule. We hope the experiment will succeed. At present every man who is elected to Congress feels bound to deliver one or two set orations on the Slavery question, the tariff, etc.; not in the hope of influencing legislation, but simply for the benefit of his own general fame and the gratification of his constituents. This system, it need hardly be observed, is obstructive; bills are delayed, and the public business of the country retarded, by the conversion of Congress into a vast debating hall. A few weeks will enable us to decide whether the new plan—which does not permit members to write letters while bores are talking—will check the old practice. In the mean time our engraving on page 808 will enable the public to form an idea of the change which has been effected.

STORMS IN THE CARIBBEAN.

THE two pictures we engrave herewith illustrate the periodical storms which, at this season, spread havoc and dismay over the Caribbean Sea. The designs are by Dr. Eights, the well-known traveler. Every one who has traveled in Central America will recognize their fidelity to nature. There is no sea in the world more delightful to navigate in calm weather, under a genial sun, than the Caribbean; but when the northers set in, and bad weather commences, there is none which mariners more justly dread. Our illustrations will commend themselves to all lovers of art.

A PHYSICIAN'S DREAMS.

I.

DREAMS being the stronghold of the mysterious, it may be supposed that I have greater wonders to relate than any waking phenomena on which I have dwelt. But it is not so; and a slight consideration of what sleep is will show my reader that it can not be so. Dream-books rest on a very flimsy foundation; our life is a unity; sleep is not an interruption of natural laws, but a carrying on of the unvarying laws of our being; not a phenomenon, but a fact in our human constitution.

What is sleep?

Physically, sleep is a passive state of the brain, in which that organ pulsates equably, and for the most part in a manner undisturbed by the agitation of thought. A medical man had opportunity, for a long time, of observing the brain of a patient, which, to a considerable extent, had been laid bare by a fracture, and removal of part of the skull. He looked often at the bare brain, while the patient was awake: while the patient was asleep. The observer saw that, in a waking state, the brain had intelligent, and, as one might say, telegraphic motions, correspondent with the thoughts which it was printing off. The doctor, looking at the exposed brain while the patient was conversing, perceived that different cerebral motions accompanied the different ideas it was excited by. He was looking manifestly at the great laboratory of thought. But in a state of sleep the patient's brain worked and telegraphed no more. It became a mere pulse, like that at the wrist, and, indeed, was found to correspond, in its regular beat, with the beat of the artery. Hence follows that, in as far as the quietude of the brain is hindered, sleep is hindered in the same proportion. Thus a mere mechanical quieting of the brain induces sleep. I have read of sleepless men, who, to drown the busy brain in a kind of artificial apoplexy, have had themselves whirled about on a millstone, with their heads inclining outward, so that the blood being thrown from all parts upward to the great work-shop of the mind, flooded it, and washed out the wakefulness. Opium, morphine, counting to a hundred (doubtful), hop-pillows, fancying you see your own breath (very doubtful), draughts of heavy drink at bed-time, gin, punch, and other night-caps, have all the same intention as the millstone: namely, to deaden the brain, and bring it to a regular pulsation.

Yet too heavy sleep is nearly as unhealthy as, and is, perhaps, more unhealthy than a considerable degree of habitual sleeplessness. It may be questioned if they who boast that they find themselves, after eight hours' sleep, just where they first lay down in bed, without even turning round, and certainly without dreaming, are not short-necked and apoplectic. Yet, on the other hand, horrible, perplexing, fatiguing dreams are, in themselves, a disease.

I saw, in my far-gone days, two wonderful bachelor brothers (twins, I think they were), who, like Hamlet, had "bad dreams." Yet only to look at them, you saw at once the men were good, honest, wiry, simple-hearted, old hunting squires, of some four thousand a year each. They did not drink mightily—at least I think they did not; they chased lustily, I know. Yet I heard, with my own (then) boyish ears, the driest, tallest, and thinnest one say that he and his brother were so harassed by horrible dreams that they both slept in contiguous apartments, with nothing but an open door between them, on the firm mutual compact that the moment one should hear the other groan in his sleep, that one should jump out of bed and give the groaner a good shaking to call him back from his world of agony.

"But do you not by this get very little sleep and refreshment?" asked my father of the narrator.

"Perhaps," replied the wiry brother; "but the dreams fatigue us a great deal more than lying awake all night would do."

I am a great dreamer, and dreams (not quite so bad as the squires') make a vast part of the life of multitudes of mankind.

What, then, are dreams?

I would answer in brief: Dreams are a combination of imperfect sensation with imperfect thought.

"Does the mind always think?" asks Locke; and, rashly as it seems to me, concludes from our frequent non-remembrance of dreams, that the question should be resolved in the negative. But how frequently we think we have passed a dreamless night, and yet, in the course of the ensuing day, some little circumstance shall suddenly cry, "Open, Sesame!" to the brain: the key turns in the door of the closet to which the mind has consigned her vagaries, and we find, duly ticketed and labeled, a long and perhaps strange dream, which, but for that touch of kindred circumstance, we should never have remembered. The mind, then, may always think, though its thinking may not always leave a durable impression on the brain.

But there are persons who scarcely can be said to have minds, and who never think to any purpose. The error of philosophers is to judge all phenomena by their own philosophic consciousness. "Cogito, ergo sum," was the dictum of a philosopher. "Non cogito, ergo non sum," might be the equally good reasoning of a very dull man. Could we take a peep at some slumbering mass of mortality, whose brains are in his stomach, whose snore imitates the grunt of a swine, we should decidedly say, "The mind does not always think." From such a one we should have no right to expect dreams or dream-phenomena. Dreams! he never dreams by night, simply because he never thinks by day. But I think I may assert, of those who know they are alive, that there is a vital consciousness running through even dreamless slumber, which is very different from the senselessness of a swoon.

Dreaming is natural. Animals dream. The old dear greyhound, Transit, in my paternal home, used to move his legs on the rug by the fire as if he were coursing. My little Skye terrier faintly barks in his sleep, chasing, doubtless, an imaginary cat—the only game he knows, poor town-bred fellow!

Dryden says, I suppose on the authority of experience,

"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat."

The phenomena of dreaming so puzzled an essayist on sleep that he invented a theory about them, which he declared could alone solve their difficulties. This writer (whose name I forget, but whose work I read long since) affirmed boldly that all our dreams were caused by external agency, since to external agency they were often apparently due. He invented a troop of small familiar spirits. They were the external agency. "Would the soul," he asked, "torment herself in sleep by horrible creations? Could the soul play the wires of such a multitude of personages as peopled her visions?" The reasoning is shallow. Man, when awake, often torments himself with disagreeable thoughts. Indigestion, to say nothing of conscience, will create hypochondriac horrors to any amount: a too full blood throbbing through the brain will people space with visions, seemingly palpable as those that distressed Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller. Then, since animals dream, one might ask, "What sort of spirits are employed in suggesting dreams to dogs?" and so knock down the argument by an appeal to absurdity.

Not incompatible with repose are pleasing dreams, when life is just kept from stagnation by some small outlay of invention, some small exercise of the imaginative faculty. Thus a vast proportion of the phenomena of dreams are explicable by a simple reference to the natural uses of sleep. "Laziness" is a great word to explain dreams. The soul is too wise to exert herself in sleep; for exertion would contradict the very reason why she sleeps. This consideration explains why dreams are mostly imperfect, unconnected, and void of volition. They are lazily constructed. Most dreamers, I doubt not, have observed that if they dream they are going to a play, or to hear a favorite singer, they seldom get to the play or succeed in hearing the singer. If they do enter what they suppose to be a theatre, the theatre is very dimly seen, and partaking more of the character of a room than of a theatre. If they do see the prima donna before them, something mostly prevents her singing. If they hear her sing—I never heard a man sing in a dream—the notes are few, and soon break off for some unimaginable reason. I imagine that a dream of sound is caused by an actual sound, which, at a moment of imperfect sleep, impresses the ear. I have, after hearing music in a dream, heard, on waking, the sound which manifestly prompted the dream: perhaps nothing more musical than a London cry. Occasionally, the sound in the dream has been actually the sound out of the dream. I remember dreaming that I was sitting by a lady, and conversing with her (I think that conversations are not audibly carried on in dreams), when suddenly she began, to my infinite consternation, to crow like a cock. I woke with a start, and became aware that a small bantam, in a yard over which I at that time slept, was really crowing in a shrill and female tone.

Another sort of abortive dream that I may mention is a dream of vengeance. I have often seemed to be fighting with an imaginary adversary, always having the advantage, always pommeling him well. But never did it happen that I seemed to hurt my antagonist. After having rained blows upon him enough to kill him ten times over, he has invariably smiled at me, as if he said, "Thank you!" In the same way, I have sometimes dreamed I was arguing in anger with some obstinate person, whom I never succeeded in throwing into a rage.

The explanation of these abortive cases of dreaming is (as I take it), that our own sensations are clear to us in sleep, but very little beyond them. Some stray memory, some throb in the blood, makes us wish to hear a singer or to punish a foe; but the mind is too idle elaborately to create the theatre, or to put force into the adversary. In a state of imperfect sleep—that state in which a man says to himself, "I know that this is all a dream"—I have sometimes known that I could see nothing of persons or objects, which yet I fancied were around me. Then, by an effort of momentary volition, I have torn open, as it were, my mental eyes, and had a strange burst of light, and a brief revelation of objects, sometimes very beautiful. I remember once dreaming I was climbing up the Acropolis of Athens—which I had never seen—in this sort of mind-blindness. Suddenly I reached the top, which I had approached from landward, and suddenly the wondrous dream-illumination, so strong when it does come, revealed to me the Archipelago, and all its islands, with a distinctness which is even now vivid in my memory.

On the whole, it may be averred that imperfect sensation is the great cause of dreams. Motions of the brain, motions of the blood, craving, or derangements of the stomach, various states of the fluids of the mouth, all bring with them, and reproduce in sleep, the sensations and ideas with which, in a waking state, they are associated.

From irregular motions of the brain, or too rapid passage of the blood (all the vital movements are quickened in sleep), we get many of those strange phenomena of dreams which are well known to most people, but especially to the young, whose blood

"——glows lively and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."

There are few human beings who have not dreamed of flying through the air; of falling from precipices, or the roofs of houses; or who have not, as boys, experienced the sensation, at the first approach of sleep, of suddenly being pulled up in a lively run by tumbling into a ditch—a startling feeling which has immediately awakened them, the explanation of which is the sudden relaxation of the fibres of the brain, by the very quick slumber of boyhood. Many of these hot-blooded phenomena become less frequent with advancing years, and die out altogether with old age: proof additional that physical causes are nearly paramount in producing dreams.

The beginning of life, too, is the era of those disorders which I once saw thus emphatically catalogued on a tomb-stone that recorded the deaths of three babies:

Hooping-cough!
Measles!
Small-pox!
Oh! dire diseases!

I know from experience that, when such maladies are hatching in the body, the dreams for a long time beforehand are terrible. There is a vastness of horror in the somnolent visions of childhood that is never matched at any later period. Often, as a boy, I have felt myself toiling on through some palpable obscure, through the whole of which infinite spiders' webs and infinite threads from infinite looms were endlessly weaving about me—no, not *me*, but about some other identity into which I was half converted. Then the peculiar horror seemed to lie in the very, very fine, spun-glass sort of texture of the webs and threads which I had to draw through my enormously swollen and puffy hands. Many whom I have questioned on the subject have told me that, in youth, the dance of infinite distaffs spinning infinite threads about their distended hands, or highly enlarged heads, was an amazing torment to them.

Crawling insects, slippery snakes, scratching cats, are dream-forms of perturbed blood. Even dream books prove this, for there is scarcely a dream of this kind, which perhaps the vain individual thinks peculiar to himself, that is not interpreted for the benefit of the million, thus showing that multitudes agree in their dreams. Pity that the ingenuity of the dream-interpreter should be wasted in explaining what a dream portends, not whence it arises! Misfortunes can not be averted (nor does the necromancer pretend they can) by noting ominous dreams; but diseases possibly may. When dreams are very ugly, very horrifying, the sufferer, instead of looking out for a fall in the stocks, or the treachery of a friend, should take care of the stomach, and reform his diet accordingly. Fuseli, it is said, supped on raw pork (would not roast pork have sufficed?) before he painted the foul fiend.

Indigestion, both in its labor and its fatigue, is a prolific hag-mother of ugly dreams. So is any uncomfortable sensation, however slight it may be; for in the passive state of sleep effects are produced disproportionate to causes. I have sometimes dreamed of being stung by a serpent, or having my fingers held tight by the teeth of a dog. On waking, I have invariably found some slight uneasiness or pain in the part which I had fancied so stung or squeezed. Or perhaps I was lying with my arm or hand pressed under me.

Another consideration that shows dreams to be colored, according to the state of the stomach or head, is, that frequently a horrid dream turns off by degrees into a more pleasant one. I remember once going to bed after a later supper and more wine than I usually take. My first dreams were frightful. I imagined myself to be in some unknown country, arriving at a mysterious hotel. I was put to sleep in a mysterious room, which resembled the hall of an old castle. A statue clad in black armor stood at each of the four angles of the apartment. I was lying in a dim, shadowy bed, with a strong sense of the supernatural upon me, when suddenly I thought I saw the four figures in armor move on their pedestals. The sense of the supernatural now became in me horrifying and intense. A long time seemed to pass, during which I strained my eyes to see if the statues really did move. I was, by a sort of nightmare feeling, held motionless in the bed. Again the figures seemed to stir. This state of things continued during what appeared to me to be hours. I watched the statues in a fascinated manner. Suddenly the statues lifted their arms, then stepped down from their pedestals, and advanced toward me. I struggled to get up, but could only utter faint cries. I never all this time imagined the figures to be earthly. But now a sudden change came over me. I felt loosed from my nightmare bonds, and by a prodigious effort leaped out of bed. At the same moment a conviction seized me that the figures were men—robbers, perhaps, or enemies; but certainly flesh and blood. I rested on the thought that the whole thing was a trick to frighten me. Then I vigorously set to work to thrash the intruders all round (they, as usual in dreams, making no resistance), and kicked them out at the door in a most satisfactory manner. After this I awoke, and lay really awake for a short time, with no disagreeable impression left upon me. Again I fell asleep. I was still at the hotel, which was no longer mysterious, taking breakfast with some ladies, with whom I had formerly traveled. I was thinking of my supposed adventure in the statue-room, and came to the conclusion (with some difficulty) that I had dreamed it. Still I wished to put the matter beyond doubt. So, the landlord just then entering, I asked him some question about the room. He, in real landlord fashion, began to prose in reference to my bedroom, excusing himself that it looked old and shabby, and saying he meant to newly furnish it soon. I felt myself quite ashamed of my suspicions, and concluded I had dreamed the statues. Still, I wanted to be extra sure, and requested that the landlord would take me to look at the apartment where I had slept. The landlord did go up with me to the room; and, when I saw it, the last lingering ideas about the supernatural or the tricky disappeared from my mind. There were no pedestals in the room, certainly no statues, and the whole apartment, with its faded tester-bed, and its commonplace aspect—for it had shrunk from the proportions of a baronial hall to those of a mere sleeping-room—looked so unfit for an adventure of any kind that I laughed the inward laugh of Leather-stockings to think I had ever been romantic about it. In this amused state of sensation I again woke. A third time I slept. The old dream was still dimly carried on, but, by the sole thread of the idea of traveling. I was on a pleasant tour; I was with the charming ladies; the haunted inn was left far behind, only remembered to be laughed at. Glimpses of many lands greeted me agreeably, and at half past seven, my usual hour, I awoke with a feeling of mingled amusement and comfort.

THE CLOSEST SHAVE OF MY LIFE.

THE State Prison at C—— is, every way considered, under a better organized and surer system of administration than any similar institution I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methods of management and discipline, and have often seen much to approve; but the prison at C—— surpasses all the rest. Visitors, of which, very properly, but few are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and, most singular of all, the air of security and exceeding quiet that prevails.

As we wandered through the chambers in the freer part of the prison, we came to one from the window of which a man was looking so anxiously that he did not hear us enter. When he turned around his eyes were glistening with tears. The warden said he did nothing but stand at that window at all times when he was unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offense was that he had beaten almost to death a comrade for speaking slightingly about his wife. He was in for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the best men about the prison. They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber any where; so he was elevated above his fellows to the extent of a dignified position and the responsibility of razors.

"He has shaved me many a time better than I could do it myself. Would you like a prison shave, gentlemen?" said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowledged myself to be touched favorably with the proposition.

"Johnson, you will shave this gentleman," said the warden.

I threw off my cloak and settled myself comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It is a villainous necessity. I wonder if any body thinks it delightful, that hissing of the sharp steel over the cheek, and that slow scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn drum-tight.

When my face was shining with the soap the warden said,

"We will leave you for five minutes, Mr. H——. Is that time enough, Johnson?"

"Quite time enough, Sir," answered Johnson.

The prisoner and I were left alone. My companions went away in another direction from that we had been pursuing, and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through, leaving it unclosed. From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall, until they came to a corner, where they spoke a little with the officer in charge. Then they moved on, officer and all, out of sight.

Upon each corner of the prison wall a guard is always stationed, well armed, to watch that no attempts at escape are made. The moment this one disappeared I felt a sort of faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after my barber ceased operations, walked leisurely to the door and looked out, and returning, paused an instant at the window where we had found him when we entered. Then he came back to me and resumed his work. I felt vaguely alarmed.

Presently the prisoner spoke. His voice was very low, quite a whisper, indeed, and he cut his words short. But how distinct they were!

"Do you hear me, Sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"It's a ticklish thing, this shaving, isn't it?" said he. "But my hand is always steady. I can do what I please with a razor—just what I please. Be good enough to keep still, very still, just now. I'm close on to a large vein, you see, right in your neck. Keep very still, and don't stir. I know what would happen, and *so do you*, if you stirred or spoke a word."

Good God! These were hideous words; but the glare of the man's eye, as he came round in front of me, was appalling. I could not have uttered a syllable if I had died otherwise.

"Now," said he, "listen, but don't move," and he pressed the flat blade against my throat, as if by way of warning. "I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm *going!* And so help me God, if you lift a finger to stop me, or make one noise, both of us will have to die! I would a little rather not hurt you; but—Remember!"

He sprang away, and caught up my cloak and hat, which lay near, still keeping the razor in his hand. The moment its frightful contact was removed my inertness vanished. I leaped up, seized the chair in which I had been sitting, and shouted lustily. He turned upon me like a tiger.

"Ah, you will have it, then!" he cried, and rushed toward me.

I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, and lifting it high in the air, brought it down crashing upon him. He sank for a second, but quickly rose again. He was heavier than I, and twice as strong, I suppose. Persons who have thus been in positions of great danger will not be astonished to hear that I forgot, after my first cry, to call out at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough, had I not, in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before seen successfully employed. I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, pointing, at the same time and in the same direction, with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

I think that movement saved my life.

He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window, flung his hands above his head, gasped as if he were choking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling upon his knees. As I stepped swiftly across the floor he called out to me:

"Don't go, don't go!" he said. "Stand there, at the door, if you choose, but wait a minute. It's all over now; and perhaps, if you hear me, you won't wonder that I was driven mad."

I hardly knew how to act; but as I involuntarily checked my steps he continued:

"Look out at that window, Sir, and you'll see, just over the road, a woman with a child in her arms, standing in a door-way. That's my wife and baby—my poor wife and baby. She doesn't know I'm here—thank God for that. I came here under a wrong name, and she supposes I'm far away at sea. I guess it would break her heart to know the truth. Well, Sir, that's my home. I've seen it, and I've seen her, every day, now, these three months. It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now. But this chance—this great chance—was too much for me. And to think that I came near losing all hope of ever seeing her again!"

Could I doubt those struggling sobs and tears? There was truth in every tone. I looked through the window, and saw, as he had told me, a woman standing on a threshold opposite, with a little child. She tossed it up laughingly once or twice, and disappeared.

"You won't trust me, I know," said the prisoner; "but I want to beg you not to let the warden know of this. It's no use, I guess. Well, I swear that I'll be true to home after this. Nothing but three years solitary now, and who can live through that? No, no, you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe me—you may indeed."

Feet shuffling along the passages announced the return of my companions. The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of unconcern which I think was very successful under the circumstances.

"Not shaved yet?" said the warden, astonished. If he had but known how close a shave I had been through!

"I have broken my razor," said Johnson, looking appealingly at me. "See, Sir! I must have another."

"Very well," said the warden. "Will you wait?" he asked me.

"I think not," said I. "Another time will do for me."

So I wiped my face, and we went on our way.

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that great excitement which naturally followed so narrow an escape I think I set forward all that I could in the poor fellow's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured me that he would act in such a manner as he thought the occasion needed. He condemned his own heedlessness in opening so evident an opportunity for guilt with much more earnestness than he spoke of the event itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name. She was happy in her ignorance of his real condition. I sought to ascertain whether she was able to sustain herself until he should rejoin her; and then she told me that Mr. ——, the warden of the State Prison, had also come to her, shown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much copied, and, I suppose, will be readily remembered:

> "It is the custom at the State Prison in C—— to permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration, to work outside the walls, under the supervision of an officer. This privilege is, in most cases, gladly accepted. A few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man who, as his time of freedom drew near, appeared more restless under his confinement than any others. On inquiry it was found that this prisoner had a wife and child living directly within view of the walls, and that for nearly three years he had seen her daily, she being all the while ignorant of his imprisonment, and supposing that her husband, who is a sailor, was at sea, on a long voyage. He was unwilling that, at the last moment, the fact should be revealed to her; and, at his own request, he continued within the walls until his liberation, which took place last week. Excepting on one occasion, his conduct while in prison had been without blemish."

THE BLIND MAN'S WIFE.

PART I.—THE JOURNEY.

I WENT from a great city to the sea-side. My journey was not without incidents. The carriage in which I set out was at that time vacant of all persons and things except myself and my belongings. Where it first stopped a change occurred. A man who locked of no particular age, but probably numbering years between twenty-five and fifty, got into the carriage with the air of one who did not see me. He put his bag within an inch of my legs, and when I moved took no notice of the fact; he arranged himself and several small parcels with so perfect an appearance of being alone that I had suddenly a disagreeable sense of being invisible, and I found myself choking a cough lest I should disturb my companion. He spoke to the porters, and inquired the hour of arrival at Newport. It was comforting to learn from this that I should not have my unconscious companion all the way to Beachly. I had not recovered from the peculiar sensations excited by this person when another station was reached.

As we slackened our pace I saw a lady on the platform, whose sudden animation as our carriage passed her was evidently a recognition of my companion. But his countenance exhibited no emotion; not until this lady spoke, and said, "Oh, Leslie!" did he appear to be aware of his being known.

"Terese!" he answered, with a slightly foreign accent, and opening the door, was in an instant at her side. She was accompanied by an elderly woman, whom I took for her servant. This person proceeded to place a shawl on the seat opposite to my companion, and in another moment Terese got in. The step was of an impossible height.

"Will you take my hand?" I said. She thanked me, and got in with my help.

Her "thank you" was gentle; her smile—though it was more given to the seat of the carriage than to me—was extraordinarily sweet; and her "Now, Leslie!" made me feel that the so-called was an insolent fellow, though my reason for so sudden a verdict would not be very easy to give. In an instant we were off, and in another instant I had begun to feel myself again invisible; and with such force did the sensation cling to me that I felt the discomfort increasingly. I was annoyed, unhappy, and I became nervous. I wondered if I should get to the end of the journey alive. Was I losing my personal identity? Another and another station. We stopped ten minutes for refreshment. The elderly woman came to the door—a cup of coffee in her hand.

"Have some coffee, Leslie?"

"Yes, Terese."

"Nugent! another."

The woman brought another. I jumped out of the carriage, drank a glass of sherry in some soda-water. To get in I had to come to their side of the carriage. The man held his empty coffee-cup toward me as if I had been one of the waiters. An impulse—of generous kindness, I hope—made me take it. Terese blushed, not rosy but deep-red—red, like a damask rose. A strong emotion of anger took hold of me. It all passed in a moment. But astonishment at his insolence—at his calm indifference, though he was gazing with a smile on her agitated form; and my perception and inexpressible admiration of her great beauty, as she raised toward me the face that a very thick vail had shaded till now, all in that moment mingled with my anger—my anger which so suddenly vanished—fled forever—leaving only admiration behind, as she said, "Forgive us, Sir; my husband is blind!"

"What have I done?" asked Leslie, emotionless no longer.

She told me their name. I had my carpet-bag, with my full direction in easily read letters on the white canvas cover, on the seat before me. She read it as she ceased speaking.

"'Reginald Deane!' My father had a friend of that name, a man of large property; he was fond of literature and antiquities. He lived a great part of his life in Germany. There my father lived. I was born in Germany; Leslie, too, was born there—at Heidelberg."

There was such music in her voice, such sweetness in her upturned face, I was sorry that the husband of this beautiful young woman could not see what I saw. I wondered if he could guess at her great loveliness—if he had any correct idea of a mingled gentleness and majesty that seemed to me to distinguish her from all other beauties of her age and sex that I had ever had the luck to look upon. She ceased speaking, and I said,

"That Reginald Deane was my uncle. His property was divided by seven when he died, and one such portion came to me."

The blind man spoke: "My wife's father's name was Leslie; I was called after him: we are cousins. We had been engaged to be married almost from childhood. Was she not good to keep her word? Two years before our marriage I went to the West Indies, and by my own folly had a sunstroke there. I always think that my blindness grew out of that. I was very ill for a year and a half, suffering from painful variations of sight. Then I woke one morning, and knew I was awake, yet all was dark! She married me, nevertheless."

Scream went the whistle—"Newport, Newport. Change for Beachly!" Here we were, then. The blind Mr. Barrington collected all his parcels, jumped out, helped his wife, and said, "Where is Mr. Deane?"

"Now what can I do?"

"Well, you ask if Sir Frederick Worth's carriage is here. They send for the luggage, too. This is very kind of you."

Sir Frederick's carriage, and Sir Frederick's drag for the luggage—servants who knew their work, and magnificent horses who knew their masters—a first-rate turn-out it was. I did Nugent's work like a man, not any better, I am afraid; for Mrs. Barrington, on her husband's arm, gave many sweet-voiced directions: "Oh, not under that trunk, please." "Will you tell the men to put those light boxes on the top?" And, "Make the men put all those light things in the carriage, and not in the drag;" and so on.

"This card has our direction when in London on it," said Mr. Barrington; "I hope we shall *see* you again." Like all blind people, he talked of seeing.

The carriage drove up. Mrs. Barrington got in. "Now, Leslie!"—once more those sweet-voiced words.

"But where are you going now?" addressing me.

"I am going to Beachly."

"Do you live there?"

"No. I go—I go—for a little change," I answered, smiling at the idle reason. She smiled, too. What a radiance was that smile!

"We shall be there ourselves in a fortnight, I hope. We have taken a house—*Beaumont.* I never was there: but you will find us out."

"Pray do—don't forget!" said Mr. Barrington.

That evening I contemplated my outer man in the looking-glass. Look over my shoulder, fair reader. You see me—a man of forty, not gray yet, neither wrinkled nor fat: in excellent health. Something about the shoulders speaks of the noble science. "A Westminster boy still!" was my own verdict. Very young ladies might have called me middle-aged: sensible mammas would be sure to pronounce me an excellent match; so steady—such a good friend for Fred, and to themselves quite a blessing.

These observations are not out of place, for I—hitherto supposed to be a confirmed bachelor—stood at that glass, and took into consideration—*Ma'rimony.* Why in the world had I never married? Had I asked my sister, who lived comfortably in the country about sixteen miles off, she would have answered, fluently, "I am sure I don't know, Reginald, but it is perfectly certain that you will never marry now." I heard her answer as if she had been there. I heard a soft echo of another voice, "Now, Leslie!" "Now, now," I repeated the words, and applied them differently. But where was the lady and who? I did not know a living woman to whom I could have offered myself. Once, twenty years ago, I had supposed myself heart-broken; and perhaps something *did* happen, as I had never been in love since. Why had I never married? "A wrong form of the question," I murmured to myself, sitting down to my tea with a relish. "Why *don't* I marry? I wonder if she has a sister!"

Next morning I went all over Beaumont. A decent woman showed me the house. It did nicely for the blind gentleman, she thought. It was the healthiest place, and would be the prettiest, in all Beachly. And so my first day was wandered away till about four o'clock. I had not been in my lodgings more than half an hour when I heard such a music of voices—a chirruping like the first efforts of young birds at song—and low, sweet laughs that made me smile. The door opened, and a child, all sash and flounce, and hat and feathers, stood rosy and speaking:

"I am Ellen Worth! If you please, Georgy, and nurse, and I are come to say that Mrs. Barrington and mamma are at Beaumont, and they are coming here, and are you at home, Mr. Deane?"

Upon which the little spokeswoman stepped aside, rather out of breath, and Georgy, looking very shy, and nurse courtesying, appeared in the back-ground. But few words were said, before Ellen, who had taken her place at the open window, cried out, "Here they are!" and once more I was in the beautiful presence of the blind man's wife.

The children were wild about the beach and the sea. Their mother standing by them, left Mrs. Barrington for a moment by my side. I opened a miniature my sister had sent me, and gave it to her.

"Do you know who that is?"

"Do you?" she asked, with a smile, wondering and beautiful.

"No."

As she gazed smiling, and pushing her rich hair aside—for she had taken off her hat—the picture seemed to gaze on her; and whether Mrs. Barrington grew more like the picture, or the ivory like a mirror reflected her, it appeared to my puzzled senses difficult to decide. It was a marvelous picture of her, just as she stood at that moment in her glorious beauty: so like—so superhumanly like, it seemed to me, that, watching for her answer, I had begun to consider whether I had any right to keep so perfect a likeness of another man's wife.

"It is my mother," she said. "She was a Miss Barrington—Leslie's aunt—an heiress. My father, Colonel Leslie, outlived her several years. They are both dead now. Mr. Deane, I know how you got this."

She looked toward Lady Worth, and spoke to her.

"Margaret, the children would see the bay best from that inner room."

Her friend understood her, and we were left alone.

"It is strange that we should have met by chance," she said, speaking rapidly. "I can tell you what you might never have known had we not met. Your uncle loved my mother, Mr. Deane. They never met after she was married. But at her funeral—she is buried abroad—a stranger stood by the grave weeping. That stranger was Mr. Deane. He had not expected to see my father there. But he was there; and, taking the stranger by the arm, my father spoke to him. From that hour they became dear friends: the man who had loved and been loved—oh, so fondly!—and he who had loved and never been loved again. This picture is a copy of one I have. My father had it taken some time during the first year of his married life. It was copied for your uncle with my father's leave. Your uncle was with my father on his death-bed. It is a strange tale, Mr. Deane! But it is time to go now. We shall be here next Thursday."

We shook hands, and civil speeches were made to me by Lady Worth.

As Lady Worth turned round to see after her children, I offered my hand again to Mrs. Barrington, and said, as she took it with a frank smile,

"Mrs. Barrington, have you a sister?"

One keen, quick look from those eyes, usually so soft and gay, followed by a glance of intense amusement, vexed me—vexed me through and through like a sharp irritating pain. Instantly her face changed—she had read my countenance. She never took her eyes from mine, but looked at me sweetly, fearlessly; and, with a wondering, almost questioning kindness in her voice, said,

"No!"

When they had been gone five minutes, that past was like a dream.

PART II.—THE CHANGE.

THURSDAY came, and I stood at the entrance-gate to bid my new friends welcome to Beaumont. At the first sound of my voice Leslie Barrington uttered my name; and "How kind!"—"How pleasant to be welcomed by a *friend!*"—Mrs. Barrington laying great stress on the last word—followed immediately. While the trunks were being taken from the carriages, Leslie said,

"Walk me round, Terese."

"This way, then," she said.

She then, as people do with the blind, walked round the green in front, describing it to him, always using the word that sounded to me so sadly:

"*See*, see, dear Leslie, there on the right is the gate by which we entered—a handsome-looking iron gate; there is a low wall on each side of this gate with iron-railings on the top. It joins the house, see, on one side of the gate, and it is met at the other angle by a high wall—the high wall opposite to us. How pretty it looks!—a vine, a Virginia creeper, and such a climbing rose! A high wall, just like the opposite one, on our left, too. I wonder why that side is bare of trees and plants! Close to the house there is a narrow door-way, a door-way in the wall—let us go through it."

I opened the door, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, such a sight! Leslie, this is what you are supposed to know nothing about. There is a gable standing; how melancholy those exposed walls look, with their green and brown paper! The timbers in the roof are pretty, forming lines and triangles."

We walked through the large square at the back of the house, which had been made tolerably free of rubbish for the convenience of the tenants, and we stood on the open down, with the skylark singing above us and busy insect life all around. Mr. Barrington enjoyed it greatly.

"You will grow stronger here," she said, nestling closer to his side, and clasping his arm.

She looked up at him, and he looked at the fair evening sky with a face of worship. She watched him: her eyes dwelling on his face, all her strong woman's love in that smiling contemplation. It was evident that they were all things to each other. Would he have been made happier by the sight of her marvelous beauty? I thought not. He *felt* it—lived in it; had the vision of it forever present to that mysterious interior sense which still he called *seeing.*

I walked home thoughtful. They were standing on the short sweet turf when I last looked back. He was stooping toward her now, she still looking up to him. I recollect the fondness of the face that freely poured forth its love upon his blindness, and felt that this woman had taught me much.

The week passed. My sister had spent several days with me, bringing my nephews, two frolicsome, handsome school-boys. She and Mrs. Barrington had talked over many things. Our friendship had grown rapidly. We had shown her many of my uncle's letters, in which he had talked to our father of her mother. We had together destroyed what other eyes were not to see. Leslie Barrington was always present at these meetings, and we had learned to love him. There was a peculiar elevation about his thoughts, and a singular tenderness in all his feelings. It was impossible not to rejoice in his wife's devotion to him, neither could we think her beauty thrown away.

It was at the close of the second week that I returned from a visit to my sister. When I reached my lodgings my landlady told me that Mr. and Mrs. Barrington had called in the afternoon to ask if I was at home, as they wished me to dine with them. She said they had looked quite disappointed on being told that I was not expected until late. Pleased with this little attention, I determined to call on them early the following morning, and so went to bed.

I was waked from a sound sleep by a horrible noise—sound of loud voices and wailings and violent blows at my door. The first words that came to me with a full consciousness of their meaning were, "Fire! fire! Oh, Sir, the blind gentleman!—fire! fire!" Afterward, on looking back as calmly as I could through the events as they had followed each other, I could never tell how I got to the house—with whom, or by what way. But I was there, in that front between the inclosing walls, and I can see myself now standing—just come, I suppose—standing where the Virginia creeper clung to the masonry, and hung its luxuriant green above my head.

I can see now, as I think of it, masses of flame and smoke issuing with a strange sound from the windows of the lower part of the house. I do not know how long it took me to be in the throng that half filled the hall. But I know that I was foremost among them, crying, "Mr. Barrington in the blue chamber to the right—a hundred pounds to the man who brings out Mr. Barrington!" Alas! the clumsy attempts to assist them that had been made before I got to the spot had only increased their danger. The case was already desperate. The heated atmosphere forced people back—again and again I was thrust with that close mass of persons back from the house to the green in front.

Again all memory fails; but I know that I was at the back of the house, and in it. I never thought of Terese. Her husband—perhaps because I had learned how truly he was her life, how utterly he was its all-absorbing joy—her husband was in my thoughts: it was her husband that I was going to save. I was up the staircase, the sea-breeze coming across that open land fed the flames, but sent them forward toward the front that I had left. I got into the passage, opened a red baize door, and saw Leslie standing, pale as a statue, by himself. At that moment the floor split just beyond where he stood with the sound of an explosion. I seized him. He knew me. The flames burst up—he knew that too. He was praying aloud. "Thy gift, O God!" I heard him say, his sightless eyes fixed as upon something far away. "Thy gift—Thy best, greatest, purest gift—token of immeasurable bounty—mark of immutable love—" He was speaking of Terese. I lifted him from the ground, got him on my back, and turned round—turned round to see the staircase I had come up in a cloud of smoke, striped by bright flashes of flame.

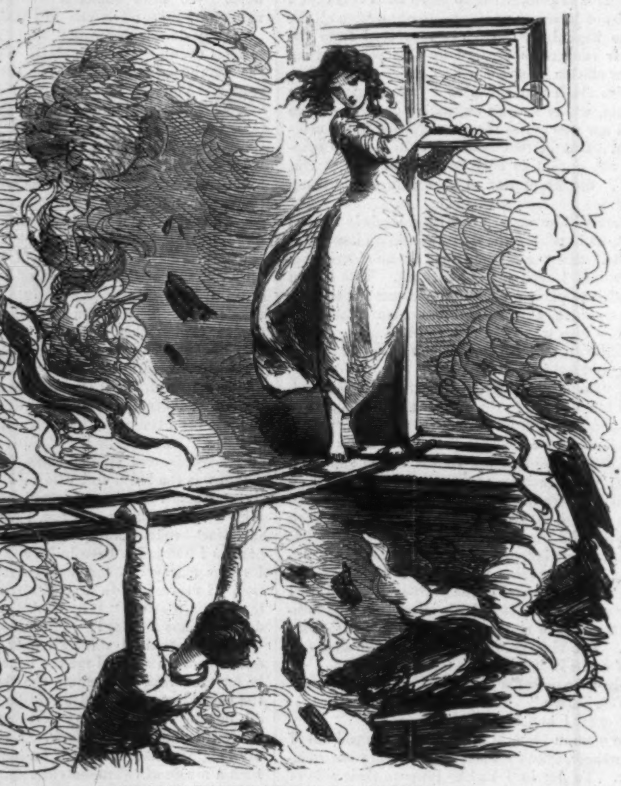
There was but one thing to be done. Death was by us, and must be fled from. Death was before us; but with speed, courage, a rapid foot, and a strong will, the resolution was scarcely formed before it was acted on, the danger was breasted—I rushed down upon my foe. It was not more than a minute's work, but the flames licked our faces, and took the skin off at each stroke; we were both of us on fire, but both safe, welcomed by hundreds of extended arms.

That square at the back of the house was full of men all looking to one point, all breathless with one fear. I saw that some great emotion swayed them. As if impelled by a common instinct they parted down the centre of the space; that dense body of living men seemed to dissolve away till, rapidly, almost a clearance was made in the immediate neighborhood of the house. I saw this, and I heard a voice, "She was at the window a moment ago." Then I perceived that every eye was turned upward among the watchers, and that some one idea animated a busy knot of men, to give space to whose operations the crowd had receded to the open down, and fenced round the scene as with a dark wall of life.

I knew no more about Leslie Barrington; I was among those men in an instant. No one told me—words were not wanted—every thing, as if by magnetism, was instantaneously comprehended. No one told me, but I knew that the only way to get Terese from the burning house was to raise supports high enough to enable a way to be made from the upstanding gable of the ruined house to the window where, time after time, she appeared. It was already impossible to reach her from below. Beneath her was a gulf of flame. The fire-escapes had only just come, and only now had the engines been got into efficient work. They played away round the window where, enveloped in a blanket, she had last shown herself. Had the fire-escapes and ladders been three-quarters of an hour sooner, she might have been got out with comparative ease; now, no one could approach the lower part of the house. How she still was safe was wonderful. And the only chance left was to build a bridge across the angle to where she was, and bring her along it. Still the fire-engines played on the wall—still she appeared and disappeared. She had never spoken a word, never given a single cry for help. We all knew why—how, to spare her husband, she had borne herself thus heroically. She lost nothing by this great forbearance. The supports rose, the bridge-way was half across. It was not very far, yet it was a height and a way that not six men in that multitude could venture to tread with any hope of success. Suddenly flames burst forth from the ends of the house nearest to the bridge-way. It must be done quickly now. Old casements had been used by the builder at the back of the house, and through one she was now leaning, clinging to the centre mullion for support. A youth—the steadiest head and quickest hand among the workmen—had succeeded in so nearly reaching her as to thrust before him on the plank a light ladder with a rope fastened to the end. She comprehended in an instant, broke the glass out of the casement that did not open, pulled the ladder into the open window, tied it to the mullion, and, thrusting herself through the opening, she stood on the window-sill, reaching forward for help. Who could walk that plank and ladder and lead her on? Boldly, steadily, the youth moved forward. As she stepped on the ladder he faltered; another step and it swayed; he recovered his balance, lost it again, and fell—fell toward the house. A sudden rush was made toward him, and he was safe, but with a broken arm. Still she never uttered a sound; but I saw her clinging to the middle mullion, looking down among the crowd; and I knew for whom she looked. In an instant another man was on that plank; but he was too anxious—too quick: he dropped before he had gone half the way. And now there was a pause. I was among the rafters of the ruined house, and near the place from which the bridge-way started. I knew I could not do it. The misery of my weakness! Would no one else attempt it?

I looked down; I saw—believe me, reader, it is true, as truly as you see these words—I saw among the blocks of wood and litter of bricks and beams, sheltered by the same roof that sheltered me, and surrounded by a strange white shimmering light, a woman, clad in a grayish-colored robe—it might have been her burial-dress, so it looked to me—like a statue, pale and immovable, yet with dark waving locks, in large masses, on her shoulders. But the sea-breeze never moved a hair of its long length; and, but that it was darker than Mrs. Barrington's, being nearly black, and the whole figure taller, I might have mistaken them. Now I had never believed in ghosts, I had never thought much about them; but no doubt of that form being her mother's ever crossed my mind. It was her—taller, sadder, in a strange pale light of unearthly whiteness—standing as a sculptor might make an angel stand, with her eyes fixed on the figure who was holding by the mullion, and gazing among the crowd below. I say I never doubted that the grave had given up its dead, and that He to whom all things were possible had for some great purpose sent her there. So I spoke under this strong sense of the supernatural which kept all fear away. I said, "For the love of God, what is to be done?" And I had the answer, how I can not tell you, for I do not remember any voice; but in another moment I was standing below. I looked toward the place where the apparition had been, and it was not there. I went on quickly, for I had to do its bidding.

The clergyman of Beachly, and other good men, had taken charge of Mr. Barrington. They were telling him what was doing, not truly, but with such omissions as made it easy for him to hope and even feel secure of his wife's safety. I stood before them.



FEARFUL SITUATION OF TERESE.

"Mr. Barrington," I said, "you are wanted. The bridge-way to your wife is so high, and sways so much, that two men have fallen in trying to reach her. She is standing on the sill of the bedroom window opposite the drawing-room. It is the only way of getting her out."

There was no need for more. He had got up, and had said "Lead me on."

Horror was painted on every face. They brought hope on mine. We advanced to where she could see. She stretched forth her arms. I said, "She sees and welcomes you." He replied, "Thank God."

He was soon up to the gable, and stood still.

"You must remember," I said, "that the way is safe, though it does sway. It is of planks on to within ten feet of her—though a ladder reaches from the plank to her. That is a difficult place. And take care when you reach her—the narrowness, the double weight."

"Keep close together!" called a man from the crowd.

Leslie Barrington waved his hand toward the voice, and stepped with a cautious foot upon the plank. He took three or four steps very slowly, then walked on bravely, getting slower again as he reached the place of greatest vibration. What a silence reigned below! Only the rushing of the water, the cracking of timbers and hoarse whisper of the flames. Then came her voice so calm, and sweet, and tenderly low.

"My husband—my darling—I am coming to you!"

She stepped on the trembling ladder, held up her hands once as she nearly lost her balance, and where the ladder and the plank met—just where poles from below made steady the ends of each—they stood together; she had gone across those bars like a bird. She stood not trusting herself to look on any thing but his sightless eyes. The silence below was unbroken; women dropped upon their knees; many prayed in their hearts, as I did. To our unutterable surprise, in stooping he lifted her in his arms, and leaned her on his shoulder across his breast. He turned round and walked back to where, on a temporary sort of flooring, I stood, and gently touching his arm as I had learned to do, I guided him to the plank, where he set her down in safety.

The gazing world below made amends for silence then. How they cheered! They woke the sea-gulls from their nest, and the rocks and cavernous cliffs echoed the cheer. Amidst it all I saw them into a carriage, and found that the clergyman had arranged for them to go into a house close to his own, where they could be quiet in lodgings for a time.

"Any body else can come into our house," he said; "the carriage and horses, and men-servants are gone to the doctor's. He waits for him at 5, Cliff Terrace."

So I ran by the carriage and helped them out; saw Nugent at the door of the new residence; shook hands with Dr. Bennet; told Terese I should come in the morning, and went home to thank God, and get some refreshment as I might.

The next day, and many days following, I went to see them. In a week's time they had recovered from the effects of their danger and fright. They gave God thanks publicly, and distributed a large sum of money among those who helped them.

Terese could talk of it now. And I had often thought that I would tell her of the apparition. But so solemn was the remembrance that I could not, for some weeks, get strength enough to speak of it.

At last, just before the day fixed for my departure, when I was sitting with her alone in the drawing-room of their lodgings, I began to tell her. At first she heard me with a strange half-frightened face; but, as I went on, she looked intensely interested, now and then asking me a question in her sweet voice, and regarding me with a gentleness which had something sisterly in it.

I ceased speaking, and she answered me—answered with a question put with a downcast face, and the least possible smile trembling on her lips.

"Why have you never married?"

I was vexed.

I said, suddenly, "Perhaps because I have never seen a woman I could love."

"Yes, you have!" she answered, quickly.

And if the spirit of mischief ever dwelt in woman, and looked out of woman's eyes, it looked out of those that now most unscrupulously sought my somewhat agitated face. "Yes, you have!" She rose, opened a door that led into another room, and said, "Ethel!"

There came forth a lady, younger, taller, darker-haired, and as beautiful as Terese.

"Ethel Barrington. Mr. Deane, my husband's sister. She is younger than I am—(don't stare at me, Ethel)—but very like—very like my beautiful mother, and your picture of her; is she not? Of course we thought you knew every thing. But Ethel had come to us, the night of the fire, from Sir Frederick Worth's. She and the servants had had all time to be helped out somehow. I could not leave Leslie. He went to a room to secure papers; there you found him, and you know the rest. Ethel was fetched again the next morning by Lady Worth. It was Ethel who told you that Leslie could tread that terrible plank. She only returned to us yesterday. Do you understand it now?"

I did understand it. I understood, too, the bright exulting glance that *would* follow me and find me out, and tell me again and again, without the trouble of words, till I was shamefaced and cowardly, and struck with tremor and chicken-heartedness, that I had—yes, *I had*, and that *I knew I had* seen the woman I could marry, and that Ethel Barrington was she. Do you doubt it; question it? I am Ethel Barrington's; she is mine.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

HOPE WAYNE.

HOPE WAYNE looked quietly forward to meeting Lawrence Newt at Amy Waring's. The morning after Mrs. Simcoe's story the two women met pleasantly at breakfast. The glance of the older one was searching but not too curious; and what did she see? Only a little more of that look in Hope's face which made Arthur Merlin think of her as a goddess. There were no traces of tears, no sudden gray hairs; there was nothing but a calm, smiling, thoughtful face, which told no tales.

They chatted lightly together; were often silent, and parted for the morning's duties. Hope Wayne knew that she should not hear the quick step upon the stair, nor the kind voice in counsel, which had made her daily duty a deep, entrancing delight. That reliance which is mutual—love leaning upon love—it was gone, then? There was one dream less.

For a day or two there was no sound of singing as she moved through the house; nor did she seat herself in the library with a book, but rather kept near Mrs. Simcoe, with her work in hand, incessantly conversing. The severity of the older woman had long since softened in the calm, cheerful, daily presence of Hope, and they had many a plan in common, about which they conversed and for which they worked with the utmost industry and heartiness.

During these few days Mrs. Simcoe sighed sometimes as she thought of her companion. For she knew that at the moment of death and during the delay of burial the survivor is preternaturally calm; the husband quietly settles the details of the funeral, the mother tearlessly lays her darling in its last, last bed. But there comes presently the moment of revulsion, when the still waters so long tranquilly accumulating break away and sweep, a terrible and resistless torrent, over the earth. So she dreaded the very quiet; in which, however, she could not detect any pressure, and which did not seem forced.

"Hope, dear," Mrs. Simcoe said, involuntarily, at intervals, as if she had meant to say, "Don't, don't."

But the thoughtful, tender way in which Hope returned her glance, as if she understood all that the other meant, and as if there were no reason for her trouble, was unmistakable and assuring; and Mrs. Simcoe went on working and said no more.

Yet as she worked silently she could not but think of the ways of Providence; of her own story and fruitless love, and of Hope's history of the heart. "Beauty, youth, wealth, and position, then, do not secure what poverty and obscurity lose," she said to herself, as she gazed at her beautiful friend and could not believe it; sometimes it seemed to her a kind of tragical justice that Hope's fate should be like her own. But it was not a justice which she desired; for her life's prayer had been for the happiness of her foster-child.

"Hope, dear."

"Well, aunty."

"I hoped you would have been happy—I prayed for it, my child."

So she said on one of the days just after she had told her own story, when it seemed to her too hard that Hope should suffer.

"Why should I not be happy, aunty?"

What could she reply? Hope Wayne had never told her that she loved Lawrence Newt—nor had Mrs. Simcoe hinted that she perceived it.

The older woman made no reply. She only looked at the other as if she would read her soul, and only saw a sympathetic smile. Involuntarily it occurred to her that Hope Wayne had caught the inscrutable sweetness of Lawrence Newt's look.

And as Hope sat also quietly working, her whole life passed before her unconsciously like a vision. The lonely childhood, surrounded by age and solemnity, and fed in solitude upon romance; the bright apparition of manly youth that dashed in upon her dream, and was seized and caressed in imagination by almost morbid passion; the sudden shock of awaking; the training that comes of mingling with men and women; the rapid spring from wild girlhood to thoughtful womanhood; the gradual, inevitable yielding, not to the girl's passion of romance, but the woman's deep appreciation and profoundest sympathy; and then—"he might have been my father, and he loves another woman."

So Hope sat and remembered, and pondered, and still her busy fingers moved, and her companion looked the tears she did not shed.

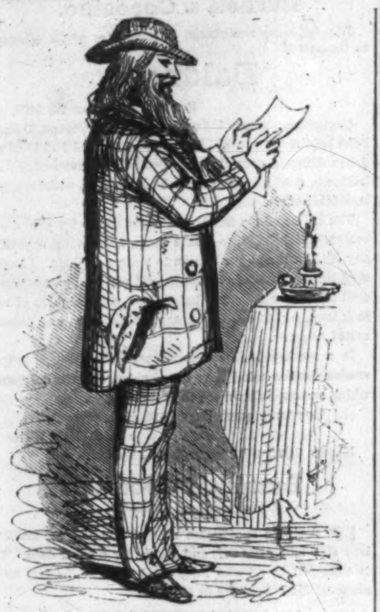
It was now the day when she was to meet him again; and this morning, for the first time, Mrs. Simcoe heard the old sound of singing; a soft, subdued sound, but it seemed to her sweeter than ever. Presently Hope came up and they were sitting together. A servant knocked at the door, and brought a card to Hope. She looked at it and handed it to Mrs. Simcoe.

"Mr. Abel Newt."

Her first emotion was to say that she was very much engaged, and could not see him. Her next was that something very remarkable must have brought him, and that she ought to see him.

"Say that I will be down."

Mrs. Simcoe looked inquiringly.



"A WORD IN SEASON."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know; I am going to find out."

And Hope left the room.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE LAST THROW.

Abel Newt, hat in hand, stood in Hope Wayne's parlor. His hair was thinner and grizzled; his face bloated, and his eyes dull. His hands had that dead, chalky color in which appetite openly paints its excesses. The hand trembled as it held the hat; and as the man stood before the mirror, he was straining his eyes at his own reflection, and, by some secret magic, he saw, as if dimly traced beside it, the figure of the boy that stood in the parlor of Pinewood—how many thousand years ago?

He heard a step, and turned.

Hope Wayne stopped, leaving the door open, bowed, and looked inquiringly at him. She was dressed simply in a morning dress, and her golden hair clustered and curled around the fresh beauty of her face—the rose of health.

"Did you wish to say something to me?" she asked, observing that Abel merely stared at her stupidly.

He bowed his head in assent.

"What do you wish to say?"

Her voice was as cold and remote as if she were a spirit.

Abel Newt was evidently abashed by the reception. But he moved toward her, and began in a tone of doubtful familiarity.

"Miss Hope, I—"

"Mr. Newt, you have no right to address me in that way."

"Miss Wayne, I have come to—to—"

He stopped, embarrassed, rubbing his fingers upon the palms of his hands. She looked at him steadily. He waited a few moments, then began again in a hurried tone.

"Miss Wayne, we are both older than we once were; and once, I think, we were not altogether indifferent to each other. Time has taught us many things. I find that my heart, after foolish wanderings, is still true to its first devotion. We can both view things more calmly, not less truly, however, than we once did. I am upon the eve of a public career. I have outgrown morbid emotions, and I come to ask you if you would take time to reflect whether I might not renew my addresses; for indeed I love, and can love, no other woman."

Hope Wayne stood pale, incredulous, and confounded while Abel Newt, with some of the old fire in the eye and the old sweetness in the voice, poured out these rapid words, and advanced toward her.

"Stop, Sir!" she said, as soon as she could command herself. "Is this all you have to say?"

"Don't drive me to despair," he said, suddenly, in reply, and so fiercely that Hope Wayne started. "Listen." He spoke with stern command.

"I am utterly ruined. I have no friends. I have bad habits. You can save me—will you do it?"

Hope stood before him silent. His hard black eye was fixed upon her with a kind of defying appeal for help. Her state of mind for some days had been one of curious mental tension. She was inspired by a sense of renunciation—of self-sacrifice. It had seemed to her that some great work to do, something which should occupy every moment, and all her powers and thoughts, was her only hope of contentment. What it might be, what it ought to be, she had not conceived. Was it not offered now? Horrible, repulsive, degrading—yes, but was it not so much the worthier? Here stood the man she had loved in all the prime and power of his youth, full of hope and beauty and vigor—the hero that satisfied the girl's longing—and he was bent, gray, wan, shaking, utterly lost, except for her. Should she restore him to that lost manhood? Could she forgive herself if she suffered her own feelings, tastes, pride, to prevent?

While the thought whirled through her excited brain:

"Remember," he said, solemnly, "remember it is the salvation of a human soul upon which you are deciding."

There was perfect silence for some minutes. The low, quick ticking of the clock upon the mantle was all they heard.

"I have decided," she said, at last.

"What is it?" he asked, under his breath.

"What you knew it would be," she answered.

"Then you refuse?" he said, in a half-threatening tone.

"I refuse."

"Then the damnation of a soul rest upon your head forever!" he said, in a loud coarse voice, crushing his hat, and his black eyes glaring.

"Have you done?" she asked, pale and calm.

"No, Hope Wayne, I have not done; I am not deceived by your smooth face and your quiet eyes. I have known long enough that you meant to marry my Uncle Lawrence, although he is old enough to be your father. The whole world has known it and seen it. And I came to give you a chance of saving your name by showing to the world that my uncle came here familiarly because you were to marry his nephew. You refuse the chance. There was a time when you would have flown into my arms, and now you reject me. And I shall have my revenge! I warn you to beware, Mrs. Lawrence Newt! I warn you that my saintly uncle is not beyond misfortune, nor his milksop partner, the Reverend Gabriel Bennet. I am a man at bay; and it is you who put me there: you who might save me, and won't. You who will one day remember and suffer."

He threw up his arms in uncontrollable rage and excitement. His thick hoarse voice, his burning, bad, black eyes, his quivering hands, his bloated body, were terrible to see.

"Have you done?" asked Hope Wayne, with saintly dignity.

"Yes, I have done for this time," he hissed, "but I shall cross you many a time. You and yours," he sneered, "but never so that you can harm me. You shall feel, but never see me. You have left me nothing but despair. And the doom of my soul be upon yours!"

He rushed from the room; and Hope Wayne stood speechless. Attracted by the loud tone of his voice, Mrs. Simcoe had come down stairs, and the moment he was gone she was by Hope's side. They seated themselves together upon the sofa, and Hope leaned her head upon her aunty's shoulder and wept with utter surprise, grief, indignation, and weariness.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

CLOUDS BREAKING.

Ellen Bennet was burning with the secret which Amy Waring had told her. Not the one about Amy's lover, but that about Edward's mother. The first was immense until she heard the second. That swallowed up every thing else. Who it was that Amy Waring loved more than he loved her, she had entirely forgotten to wonder. She was only longing for liberty to tell Edward who he was.

Meanwhile Amy went often to see Aunt Martha, whose unnatural state of mind gradually yielded to the sympathy of her niece. Lawrence Newt sometimes met Amy there, but as both Amy and her aunt supposed that he was Hope Wayne's lover, they bravely talked of every thing in the world but the one that most interested them all.

"Aunt Martha," said Amy, one day, "I really think it is time to scatter the cloud in which you are living and reveal you to your dear friends once more. You have done penance enough for a real crime; while your offenses, I am sure, are only imaginary."

Aunt Martha looked very sober. After some time she said,

"Do you remember what Lawrence Newt's preacher said: 'In foreign lands, outcast and forlorn, groveling with the very swine in the mire, and pining for the husks that the swine do eat; envying, defying, hating, forgetting, but never hated nor forgot.' Do you remember?"

"Perfectly, Aunt Martha."

"Well, ever since, I have seemed to be growing, somehow, more human. I believe that God loves mercy more than justice."

"Like as a father pitieth his children—" said Amy, in a low voice.

They heard a step on the stair.

"Mr. Newt," said Aunt Martha, as he knocked and came in.

"Mr. Newt," said Amy, "Aunt Martha is willing that her sister shall see her."

"Capital!" cried Lawrence Newt. "I see I shall have to give another dinner. The very idea of dinner gives cheerfulness to all kinds of ceremonies. Now, look here! I invite you all to dinner—Aunt Martha, and you, Miss Amy, and your father, the Bennets, May Newt, and Hope Wayne; yes, and Arthur Merlin and Edward Wynne; all of us, young and old; and we'll make Aunt Martha feel that she has never been away from her friends. Come, I am all ready to give three cheers!"

It was such an unusual hilarity—such a marked departure from the general quiet good-humor of his manner—that the two women were astonished, and both simultaneously came to the same conclusion:

"He is engaged to Hope Wayne."

Amy Waring was conscious that the thought made her turn pale, but she hoped neither of the others observed it. Aunt Martha leaned forward and kissed her niece. Lawrence Newt, who had not the remotest idea of their thoughts, and who was only elated by the satisfaction of knowing that Hope Wayne now understood every thing, wondered what particular occasion for kissing was offered by his remark. But he said nothing, except to insist that the dinner should take place as soon as possible. "But I wish to give myself time to compose a proper banquet for the festival," he said, with the same gayety as before; and as before, Amy, with resignation, and Aunt Martha, with regret, thought only,

"Yes—clearly: engaged to Hope Wayne."

And yet Amy and Hope had often met since the evening of Mrs. Simcoe's story. They had talked of a hundred things, and mentioned Lawrence Newt's name many times; but there was no reason why either of them should say to the other what each thought: "I love him in vain, for he loves you."

How Hope Wayne had reached this conclusion about Amy it would be hard to say. Was it only the consciousness of her feeling for him, without any consideration of his for her, which had made her so blithe and melodious at home?

Perhaps the scales fell from her eyes in the moment that she felt that she and Lawrence could be only friends. But however it happened, she now saw, as clearly as it could be seen, that there was nothing so sure in the future as something which Amy did not suspect.

Amy Waring stopped to see Hope Wayne after her visit to Aunt Martha, her own face radiant with the prospect of her aunt's restoration to her friends. As Hope shook her hand, she could not help seeing in her friend's illuminated face the proof that Lawrence Newt, having gently shown to herself a certain impossibility, had at once made sure of his own and Amy's happiness.

"She is engaged to Lawrence Newt," said Hope, in her heart, as she kissed Amy's lips.

"God bless you, Amy!" she added, with so much earnestness that Amy looked surprised.

"I am very glad," said Hope, frankly.

"Why, what do you know about it?" asked Amy.

"Do you think I am blind?" said Hope.

"No; but no eyes could see it, it was so hidden."

"It can't be hidden," said Hope, earnestly.

Amy stopped, looked inquiringly at her friend, and blushed—wondering what she meant.

"Come, Hope, at least we are hiding from each other. I came to ask you to a family festival."

"I am ready," answered Hope, with an air of quiet knowledge, and not at all surprised. Amy Waring was confused, she hardly knew why.

"Why, Hope, I mean only that Lawrence Newt—"

Hope Wayne smiled so tenderly and calmly, and with such tranquil consciousness that she knew every thing Amy was about to say, that Amy stopped again.

"Go on," said Hope, placidly; "I want to hear it from your own lips."

Amy Waring was in doubt no longer. She knew now that Hope expected to hear that she was engaged. And not with less placidity than Hope's, she said:

"Lawrence Newt invites us all to come and dine with him, because my Aunt Martha is found, and he wants to bring Aunt Bennet and her sister together."

That was all, and it was entirely unexpected to Hope, who looked as confusedly at the calm Amy as Amy, a moment since, had looked at her. Then they both smiled, for they had, perhaps, some vague idea of what each had been thinking.

The same evening the Round Table met. Arthur Merlin came early—so did Hope Wayne. They sat together talking rapidly, but Hope did not escape observing the unusual sadness of the artist—a sadness of manner rather than of expression. In a thousand ways there was a deference in his treatment of her which was unusual and touching. She had been very sure that he had understood what she meant when she spoke to him with an air of badinage about his picture. It was plain enough. It was clear enough; only he would not see what was before his eyes, nor hear what was in his ears, and so had to grope a little further until Lawrence Newt suddenly struck a light and showed him where he was.

While they were yet talking Lawrence Newt came in. He spoke to Amy Waring, and then went straight up to Hope Wayne and put out his hand with the old frank smile breaking over his face. She rose and answered his smile and laid her hand in his. They looked in each other's eyes: and Lawrence Newt saw in Hope Wayne's the beauty of a girl that long ago, as a boy, he had loved; and in his own, Hope felt that tenderness which had made her mother's happiness—and as their hands clasped, they felt how closely bound were their lives, and how changeless their regard must be.

It was but a moment. It was but a word. For the first time he said,

"Hope."

And for the first time she answered,

"Lawrence."

Amy Waring heard them. The two words seemed sharp: they pierced her heart, and she felt faint. The room swam, but she bit her lip till the blood came, and her stout heart preserved her from falling.

"It is what I knew: they are engaged."

But how was it that the manner of Lawrence Newt toward herself was never before so loyal and devoted? How was it that the quiet hilarity of the morning was not gone, but stole into his conversation with her so pointedly that she could not help feeling that it magnetized her, and that, against her will, she was more than ever cheerful? How was it that she knew it was herself who helped make that hilarity—that it was not only her friend Hope who inspired it?

They are secrets not to be told. But as they all sat around the table, and Arthur Merlin, for the first time, insisted upon reading from Byron, and in his rich melancholy voice recited

> "Though the day of my destiny's over,"

it was clear that the cloud had lifted—that the spell of constraint was removed; and yet none of them precisely understood why.

"To-morrow, then," said Lawrence Newt as they parted.

"To-morrow," echoed Amy Waring and Hope Wayne.

Arthur Merlin pulled his cap over his eyes and sauntered slowly homeward, whistling musingly, and murmuring,

> "A bird in the wilderness singing,
> That speaks to my spirit of thee."

His Aunt Winnifred heard him as he came in. The good old lady had placed a fresh tract where he would be sure to see it when he entered his room. She heard his cautious step stealing up stairs, for the painter was careful to make no noise; and as she listened, she drew pictures upon her fancy of the scenes in which her boy had been mingling. It was Aunt Winnifred's firm conviction that society—that is, the great world of which she knew nothing—languished for the smile and presence of her nephew, Arthur. That very evening her gossip, Mrs. Toxer, had been in, and Aunt Winnifred had discussed her favorite theme until Mrs. Toxer went home with a vague idea that all the young and beautiful unmarried women in the city were secretly pining away for love of Arthur Merlin.

"Mercy me, now!" said Aunt Winnifred as she lay listening to the creaking step of her nephew. "I wonder what poor girl's heart that wicked boy has been breaking to-night:" and she turned over and fell asleep again, to dream of youth and the days when a graceful form knelt before her, and raising its persuasive, irresistible eyes, she recognized her nephew, Arthur.

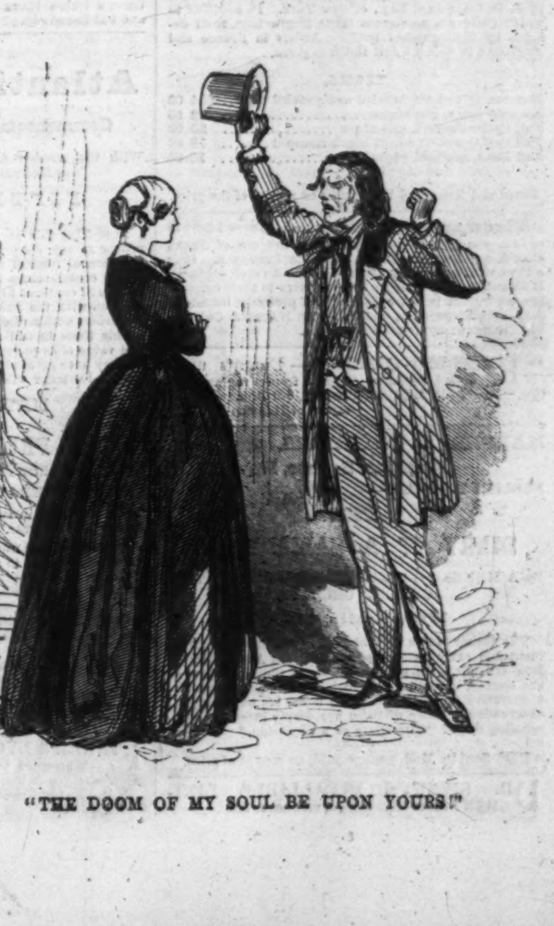
That young man reached his room and struck a light. It flashed upon a paper. He took it up eagerly, then smiled as he saw that it was a tract, and read, "A Word in Season."

"Dear Aunt Winnifred!" said he to himself; "does she think a man's griefs are like a child's bumps and bruises, to be cured by applying a piece of paper?"

He smiled sadly, with the profound conviction that no man had ever before really known what unhappiness was, and so tumbled into bed and fell asleep. And as he dreamed, Hope Wayne came to him and smiled, as Diana smiled in his picture upon Endymion.

"See!" she said, "I love you; look here!"

And in his dream he looked and saw a full moon in a summer sky shining upon a fresh grave upon a hill-top.



"THE DOOM OF MY SOUL BE UPON YOURS!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint. The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

Spasmodic Asthma.

While in Germany, an eminent physician became interested in his case, and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the recipe which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

WARDSBORO', VT., May 12, 1857.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA" on my wife. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity, to little or no purpose. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy," it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists.

One Dollar per Bottle.

Asthma.

From Rev. D. Letts, Frankfort, Ill.—"An old lady of our acquaintance has been greatly afflicted with Asthma for many years, and has tried a multiplicity of prescriptions, with little or no effect. My wife sent her a part of a box of the 'Bronchial Troches,'—after a few days we heard that she found great relief from their use, and to-day she sent a messenger some five miles to procure more: we had only one box left but could not refuse it." Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Cough Lozenges are sold throughout the United States.

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE. A most brilliant and charming Piano Forte piece under the above title, composed by Joseph Liebach, has just been published by the undersigned. Price 60 *cents*. Copies sent by mail, postage paid.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
PUBLISH THIS DAY—

HARPER'S
ILLUMINATED AND NEW
PICTORIAL BIBLE.

EMBELLISHED WITH
Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings,
Exclusive of an Initial Letter to each Chapter.
By J. A. ADAMS.
More than Fourteen Hundred of which are from Original Designs,
By J. G. CHAPMAN.

This magnificent work is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Tables of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the Chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from Original Designs, made expressly for this work by J. G. CHAPMAN, Esq., of New York. In addition to which there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern Artists in France and England; to which a full Index is given.

TERMS.

Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides..	$25 00
Morocco extra, gilt edges..................	22 50
Full Calf embossed, gilt edges	20 00
Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped........	18 00
Full Roan, marbled edges	16 00

Cased and forwarded by Express on receipt of the price.

Throw away your Wigs!—A luxuriant growth of soft, young hair speedily follows the use of JULES HAUEL'S EAU-ATHENIENNE, OR HAIR RESTORER. It is a never-failing remedy for, and preventive of *baldness*. It also changes gray hairs and whiskers to their original life-color. It is not a dye, and is perfectly harmless. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HAUEL & Co., No. 704 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

"KISS-ME-QUICK."—Dupuy's unrivalled Perfume, distilled from Fragrant Tulips.
E. DUPUY, Chemist, 609 Broadway,
corner of Houston Street.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
PUBLISH THIS DAY—

THE
DIARY OF A SAMARITAN.

By A MEMBER OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

The author of this very interesting volume was a prominent and early member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. He gives a history of the operations of the society, with numerous incidents and anecdotes, and a narrative of cases that came under his own personal observation. Many of these are deeply interesting, reminding one of "The Diary of a Physician."

☞ Sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT cures Rheumatism and never fails.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

Phalon's
SNOW WHITE
Oriental Cream,

—FOR—

Whitening and Beautifying the
Complexion, and Removing all
Tan, Pimples, Freckles,
Blotches, Sunburn, and Curing
all Diseases of the Skin.

PHALON'S SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM is a delightful compound, highly and delicately scented, to be used in the Toilet, imparting beauty, comfort and health, to the skin. It will effectually remove TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, and all blemishes of the skin, and prevent its shrinking and becoming spotted. It will give the skin a soft and flexible surface, and by persevering in the directions, the skin will become entirely free from all imperfections.

The Messrs. PHALON, in offering the SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM, a new article of their own invention, (and for which they have a copyright,) guarantee that there is nothing in its composition that is at all injurious, it being entirely different from any other preparation ever made.

Directions accompany each bottle; but for the purpose of showing all how easily it is applied, we publish them below:

DIRECTIONS.

Shake the bottle well, then apply the SNOW WHITE with a sponge, and when dry wipe with a clean towel or flannel.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers, and by the manufacturers,

PHALON & SON,
NEW YORK.

For the use of Glee Clubs, Singing Classes, Seminaries, and the Home CIRCLE.

The Family Circle Glee Book, Vol. 2d, is now ready. It contains the Anvil Chorus, Shells of the Ocean, Gentle Annie, Rosalie the Prairie Flower, Some one to Love, Star of the Evening, Gently sighs the Breeze, and Two Hundred Songs, Glees, and Choruses, and Operatic Pieces arranged for four voices, with full accompaniments for the Piano Forte or Melodeon.

Price $1 50.

Copies sent by mail on receipt of the marked price.

FIRTH, POND & CO.,
No. 547 Broadway, N. Y.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,

INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH

Sewing Machines,

WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
820 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

A New Picture for the Stereoscope!!
"GOOD FOR A COLD."

Just received by the Persia, a choice Assortment of *entirely New Views*—Groups, Landscapes, &c., &c., and at greatly reduced prices, at the New York Depot of the

LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.,
534 Broadway.

Great Reduction in Prices at Genin's Bazaar.—PRICES REDUCED IN LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.—IN BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING.—IN LADIES' HOSIERY.—GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES AT GENIN'S BAZAAR.—PRICES REDUCED IN GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS—IN LADIES' GAITERS AND SLIPPERS.—IN CHILDREN'S LEGGINGS.—IN GIRLS' DRESSES.—PRICES REDUCED IN SMALL BOYS' SUITS.—IN INFANTS' WARDROBES.—IN INFANTS' CLOAKS.—PRICES REDUCED IN LADIES' ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—IN LADIES' UNDERLINEN.—PRICES REDUCED IN BRIDAL OUTFITS.—PRICES REDUCED IN LADIES' BONNETS.—IN CHILDREN'S BONNETS.—IN CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS.—IN LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES.—PRICES REDUCED IN LADIES' FURS.—IN CHILDREN'S FURS.—IN SLEIGH ROBES.—IN GENTS' FUR COLLARS.—IN GENTS' FUR GLOVES.—IN GENTS' FUR CAPS.—PRICES REDUCED IN LADIES' FUR ARCTIC HOODS.—BOYS' CLOTH AND VELVET CAPS.—MENS' AND BOYS' SOFT HATS.—GENT'S DRESS HATS.—AT GENIN'S BAZAAR, Nos. 507 and 513 Broadway.

THE
Atlantic Monthly.

Commencement of a New Volume.

With the number for JANUARY, 1860, the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will enter upon its

FIFTH VOLUME.

In making this announcement the Publishers think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general plan of the Magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with authors on both sides of the Atlantic will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

They have great pleasure in announcing that the number for JANUARY will contain the first chapters of a

NEW ROMANCE,
ENTITLED,
THE PROFESSOR'S STORY;
Written expressly for its pages, by
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

To be continued in succeeding numbers of the Magazine throughout the year.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 25 cents. Three Dollars per year, postage paid to any part of the United States.

CLUBS.—Two copies, Five Dollars; Five copies, Ten Dollars; Eleven copies, Twenty Dollars,—the subscribers paying their own postage, viz: 36 cents per year.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters, will receive the Magazine at Two dollars per year, as heretofore.

Subscriptions may commence with any number; and as all the numbers are stereotyped, back numbers can always be furnished.

All orders should be addressed to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
135 Washington Street, Boston.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES—Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in this market, or money refunded.

N.B.—PRICE REDUCED TO $50.

No. 503 Broadway.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 65 to 69 Crosby Street.

H. B. Dodworth.—Music Store, 6 Astor Place.—Publisher and Dealer in Music and Instruments.

Foreign Music.
Webb & Allen, 1 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y.

Direction Labels and Tags.
Mauger, Victor E., 115 Chambers Street.

JUST PUBLISHED.—On Single and Married Life; or, The Institutes of Marriage. By the late R. J. Culverwell, Esq. Price 25 cents, free of postage. For sale by H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau Street, N. Y., and all Booksellers.

ROSSITER & MIGNOT'S PAINTING,

"The Home of Washington after the War."

On Exhibition at the ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 10th Street, near Broadway, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 9 Evenings. Admission 25 cents.

J. McCLURE.

It Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

Phalon & Son's Cocin.

A perfect dressing for the Hair. The Cocin holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of highly purified Coca-Nut Oil, prepared expressly by the Messrs. PHALON. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of Human Hair. One application renders the Hair, (no matter how stiff and dry,) soft and glossy for several days. It is admitted by all who use it to be the best and cheapest article for Improving, Beautifying, and Dressing the Human Hair. It is done up in small bottles at twenty-five cents, and in large bottles, fifty cents.—*Troy Times.*

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE FORMED A COPARTNERSHIP under the style of

Phinney, Blakeman & Mason,

for the transaction of a general PUBLISHING, BOOKSELLING, and STATIONERY BUSINESS, at No. 61 Walker Street, four doors West of Broadway.—New York, November 21, 1859.

E. PHINNEY, JR.,
BIRDSEYE BLAKEMAN,
ALBERT MASON,
O. M. MITCHEL,
E. PHINNEY.

REMOVAL.

In consequence of the above arrangement, BLAKEMAN & MASON have transferred their Stock and Business to the store of the new firm, No. 61 Walker Street, where they will be happy to see their friends and patrons.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York,
Publish this Day:

I.

HOWITT'S HISTORY OF AMERICA.

A Popular History of the United States of America:

FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Illustrated by numerous Engravings.

2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00.

The object of this book may be guessed at from its title, and its execution from the name of its authoress. Mary Howitt writes in her usual lively and flowing style, on a subject evidently cognate to her tastes. She begins with the early voyagers, and the first attempts to colonise the country—chapters of deep interest; and though succinctly, yet admirably written. Many of the episodes relating to the Indians are described with especial felicity. The narrative before and after the revolution is anecdotical and descriptive, and all the more entertaining on that account.—*New Quarterly Review, London.*

This is a popular history of the United States, well written and carefully devised to include, with a full political narrative, all that could fairly be contained in it of picturesque incident and of the details of social habits at successive periods. The romance of enthusiasm and of perilous adventure is abundantly to be found in narratives of the foundation among wildernesses of states now busy with the stir of ships and factories. There are Indian legends, tales of pirates, wonderful and yet true travellers' tales; persecutions, now of Indians, now of Quakers, now of witches; all belonging, most legitimately, to the History of the United States. Then there are the great wars; and then there is the noble tale of the Great Revolution. Even upon the last pages we have strange stories connected with the rise and growth of Mormonism; the addition of a state with golden soil that has become a synonym for wealth; the treaty with Japan. Mrs. Howitt knows how to win readers in England—and in America, she will win readers not only by the amusing form into which she has put her narrative, but by the cordiality—possibly we should say the excess of partiality—with which she praises the great and successful experiment of the American Republic.—*London Examiner.*

Sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

SANFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES.
PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.
THOUSANDS TESTIFY IN THEIR FAVOR.
SEND FOR A BOOK—FREE.
SANFORD'S MAMMOTH OR GLOBE HEATER,
A favorite and economical Stove of great power.
SEND FOR A BOOK.
SANFORD, TRUSLOW & CO.,
No. 239 Water Street.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER,
Wholesale Druggists,
15 Beekman Street, New York.

Queru's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,

The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, is taken without nausea.

ALSO,

Queru's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil.—The greasy sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not cause any constipation after use. It is the best purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 135 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 15 Beekman Street.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of

Baldness.

BOSTON, November 24, 1859.

Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time, I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having, myself, any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obd't servant,

D. T. MERWIN.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry,) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by all dealers, generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

"Ah, Lydia!"

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED BY HENRY VINCENT MOORE.

Ah, Lydia! o'er the waste of years
I waft thee back unheeded sighs,
As, ringing faintly in my ears,
I catch the old-time minstrelsies,
And see thee as thou stood'st when first
The sense of passion o'er us burst.

Thou wert attired—but words are vain
To paint thy faultless form and style;
And I was dressed in clothes, though plain,
Which always meet with woman's smile;
For by the SMITHS I then was dressed,
Who NEED NO PRAISE TO PROVE THEM BEST.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, JR.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.
NEW YORK.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. See advertisement.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

A beautiful complexion, unmarred by freckles or pimples, and to obtain this complexion, use PHALON'S SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM. Every Lady can make herself beautiful by using it. One trial will satisfy any lady that it is the most wonderful preparation ever made, and it is warranted perfectly harmless.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAINT of NEW JERSEY, Established 1850, For Roofs, Wood, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvas, Muslin, Paper, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, spark and cinder proof. Durable and Economical. Depot 71 Maiden Lane, New York.

HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

An Howleglass
To come to pass
On his father's ass;
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer sight;
With feathers upright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an ape,
With owl on fist
And glass at wrist.
[Ben Jonson.

The Marvellous Adventures
And Rare Conceits
of
Master Tyll Owlglass.

Newly collected, chronicled, and set forth in our English tongue, by

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE,
Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries.

Adorned with many most diverting and Cunning Devices.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

In one elegant volume. Price $2 50.

Among the folk books of the German nation no one has obtained so wide and general a circulation as that which chronicles the adventures of the strolling vagabond and wise jester, Owlglass. It has been read by all classes, and by all ages. A favorite with the young for its amusing and quaint adventures, and a study for those who strive by the diligent comparison of different eras of national literature, to arrive at a due appreciation of national character, it possesses a peculiar value for the old. In offering the present beautiful edition, clothed in its elegant holiday dress, the Publishers hope that many readers may find amusement and profit in the quaint humor of Master Owlglass.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
Publishers, Boston.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS—FURS—
At their warehouse,
45 MAIDEN LANE,
Have opened
THEIR ENTIRE STOCK FOR THE SEASON
OF
MANUFACTURED
FURS,
Comprising all the leading and desirable styles, together with additional novelties
IN
LADIES' FURS,
GENTLEMEN'S FURS,
CHILDREN'S FURS,
FUR ROBES.

We solicit the inspection of the retail trade to the above, and offer our goods at the most advantageous prices.
C. G. GUNTHER & SONS,
No. 46 Maiden Lane.

Watches and Jewelry,
At No. 11 Wall Street, Up Stairs.
Special and Important Notice.
At half price for a few days.

Gold Watches, 18 karats, only $15, worth $30.
Sterling Silver Watches, only $7 worth $16.
Every style of Watch from $6 upward.
Also a splendid assortment of Jewelry.
Only for a few days to make room for other Goods.
J. MACDUFF, No. 11 Wall Street, up stairs.

MUSICAL BOXES,
Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes.
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Boxes repaired. 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED AND REVISED—NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

☞ A new and sure plan for obtaining GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes. Full particulars given in Catalogues, which will be sent free to all upon application.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $100,000 in Gifts have been distributed to my patrons within the past six months—$150,000 to be distributed during the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than those of any other house in the business.

Having been in the Publishing and Bookselling business for the last eight years, my experience enables me to conduct the Gift Enterprise with the greatest satisfaction to all.

☞ AGENTS WANTED in every Town and County.
For full particulars address DUANE RULISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
33 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

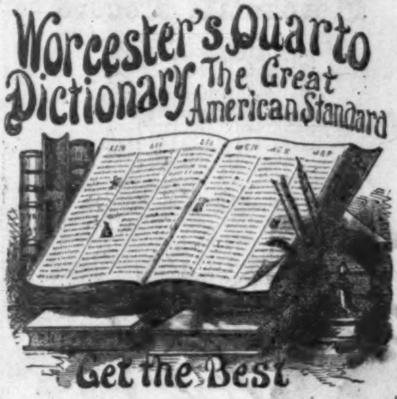
Rheumatism! Rheumatism!!
Rheumatism!!!

It is well known that bathings, ointments, and external applications, only drive rheumatism from one part of the system to another. Sometimes, with fatal results. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC RHEUMATIC PILLS often cure the worst and most protracted cases. This simple medicated SUGAR PILL will do more to eradicate the disease than quantities of crude medicines, and has cured when all other means have failed. Price, 25 cents per box. Six boxes for $1.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS, with Book of Directions, and twenty different Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, $5; do. in plain case, $4; case of fifteen boxes, and book, $2.

These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail or express, free of charge, to any address, on receipt of the price. Address

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.



FIRST EDITION FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

The Library Edition of WORCESTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY is now in press, and will be ready for delivery to subscribers in a few days. The copies will be delivered in the order of subscription. We shall publish an edition for the trade, which will be ready as soon as the copies of the Library Edition have been distributed. We have upwards of

FIVE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS

now on our list.

It will be comprised in about 1850 pages, illustrated by over 1500 wood-cuts, beautifully executed. The Synonyms and Illustrations are placed in connection with the words to which they belong, in the body of the text. It will contain a full vocabulary of the words now used in Literature, Art, and Science, together with such local and obsolete terms as are likely to be met with in writings now much read.

The work will also contain copious pronouncing vocabularies of Geographical and Proper Names, a full collection of Phrases and Quotations from Foreign Languages, a Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, a complete list of Abbreviations used in writing and printing, and elaborate, intelligible, and practical treatises on the Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language, on Orthography, Pronunciation, English Grammar, and other important subjects.

The new and authentic etymologies, the conciseness and completeness of the definitions, the nicety with which the different shades of meaning in synonyms are distinguished, and the conscientious accuracy of the work in all its departments, give it, in my judgment, the highest claims to public favor.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I concur with the opinion of Mr. Bryant.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Sunnyside, May 14, 1859.

This large Dictionary, now in course of publication, will be in every respect superior to any one existing of the English language.

JOSEPH G. COGGSWELL.

Astor Library, May 2, 1859.

Specimen pages will be sent by mail on application.
The *Library Edition*, on extra fine paper, and bound in half Turkey morocco, is issued at $7 50 per copy.

HICKLING, SWAN & BREWER,
131 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Forty Dollars per Month.

500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Patent Fifteen Dollar *Sewing Machine*. Salary $40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machine, and full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed for return postage,

I. M. DAGGETT & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

ABRIDGED EDITION OF
RICHARDSON'S MODERN SCHOOL,
With American Fingering. Price $2.

The Modern School for the Piano, by Nathan Richardson, is highly recommended by Thalberg, Dreyschock, Mason, Root, Webb, Woodbury, Baker, Bradbury, and a host of others, equally well known, and whose opinion on Musical matters are without question.

Full Edition, with Foreign Fingering	$3.
Abridged do., with American Fingering	$2.

Sent to any part of the United States on receipt of the price.

Published by RUSSELL & TOLMAN,
No. 291 Washington Street, Boston.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS; while even CONSUMPTION itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the *written* signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

BUY your FURS OF WILLIAMS, No. 293 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

HUNGARIAN WINES.—A parcel of superior RED and WHITE HUNGARIAN WINES, in wood and in glass, for sale by
CHARLES F. LOOSEY,
No. 2 Hanover Square, Room No. 6.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

For chronic constitutional diseases, such as Rheumatism, King's Evil, Scrofula, obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Ulcers, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones, and other similar diseases; this preparation will be found a most

EFFECTUAL REMEDY.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my onguent (established 1852), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

Fine Gold Jewelry
Imported.

Osborne, Boardman & Townsend,
527 Broadway.
Corner of Spring Street,

INVITE THE INSPECTION OF THE PUBLIC TO their Display of FINE GOLD IMPORTED JEWELRY, comprising all the NEWEST PATTERNS to be found abroad—comprising

ETRUSCAN,
ENAMELLED,
TURQUOISE,
GARNET,
CORAL, and
PEARL

FULL AND HALF SETS, BRACELETS, NECKLACES, CHAINS, CHATELAINES, BROOCHES, EAR RINGS, LOCKETS, SCARF PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, &c., &c., &c.

Markasite (Steel) Jewelry,
Pink and Red Coral Sets (from Naples),
Full Garnet Sets (from Leipsic),
Black Enamelled Jewelry.

We can confidently say that our assortment of FINE IMPORTED JEWELRY is more complete than can be found elsewhere. It was selected in Europe during the present season by one of our firm.

Before purchasing elsewhere, we request an inspection of our assortment.

ALSO, OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT OF
Rich Paris Fancy Articles,
GENEVA MUSIC BOXES, &c.

Harper's
Holiday Pictorial
Now Ready.

The most beautiful Pictorial Sheet ever issued.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

Sent by mail anywhere in the United States on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

REMOVAL.
JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Originator, Constructor, and Patentee of IRON BUILDINGS,
Patentee and Manufacturer of
BOGARDUS'S ECCENTRIC UNIVERSAL MILL.
Machine Room corner of White and Elm Streets,
In Harlem Railroad Depot,
Office No. 207 Canal Street, near Centre, New York.
Iron Building corner Centre and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed in widening Duane Street.

PIANO FORTES.
RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 135 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES, Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 30th edition, over 400 pages, 12mo, cloth, and above 100 Electrotype Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York City. This interesting book should be in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have sought for in vain in any other. Sold by H. G. LAWRENCE, No. 1 Vesey Street, Astor House.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 418 pages, 26 Engravings. —Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

2nd. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes disease. 131 pages, 6 engravings. Price 36 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county town, and post office.

Piano Fortes,

Of the newest style, finest tone, and lowest rates.
HAZLETON BRO'S, Manufacturers,
Warerooms No. 99 Prince, near Broadway.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.

SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $90.

HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

---

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SETTS,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items,
Are all reliable.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Laird's Bloom of Youth or Liquid Pearl is the best article in existence for beautifying and preserving the complexion and skin. Its wonderful effects may be seen and tried gratis, at LAIRD'S ladies' hair-dressing establishment, 439 Broadway.

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

in Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Prest. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NUMBER CXVI.] CONTENTS. [JANUARY, 1860.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—II. SAN JOSE. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
Illustrated by Fourteen Engravings.
A LAY OF THE DANUBE.
RURAL PICTURES. DRAWN BY PORTE CRAYON.
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings.
A PIPE OF TOBACCO.
Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings.
MRS. ANTHON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
THE POET'S SECRET.
THE ATOMS OF CHLADNI.
CARLSBAD ON CRUTCHES. By "HARRY GRINGO."
MISS VINTON OF TALLAHASSEE.
BEHAVE YOURSELF.
HOW THE SNOW MELTED ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.
THE THREE GREAT VOYAGES.
THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.
TURY; OR, THREE STORIES IN ONE.
A CHRISTMAS HYMN.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
SHADOWS OVER THE WAY.
THE INEBRIOMETER.
FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Ball Costume.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received*. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

The First Number of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear on the 4th January, 1860. This year over 4,500,000 Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have been sold, nearly half of which will be bound for reference. In commencing the new volume, the proprietors desire to state that the popularity which HARPER'S WEEKLY has attained will enable them to render it still more valuable in the future.

It has been their aim to render HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the first place, and before any thing else, a FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER—a pictorial history of current events, equal to the daily press in fullness of description, and superior to the daily press as combining illustrations with text. How far they have attained their aim, the three volumes now published will show. The Illustrations in the Third Volume will bear evidence to the fidelity with which every important event of the past year has been related and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially in this connection, to The Italian War, the Great Eastern Steamship, the Harper's Ferry Outbreak, the Utah Expedition, the Paraguay Expedition, China, etc., etc. The value of the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone. In this respect, the arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular artist correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and is sure of promptly obtaining sketches of every leading event in which our countrymen are concerned. It commands the pencil of the first artists at home; and, as in the case of the late outbreak at Harper's Ferry, can render its readers eye-witnesses of striking scenes wherever they occur. It will moreover, in order to present its readers with a complete illustrated history of our age, continue to transfer to its pages the best and most generally interesting pictures from foreign illustrated journals, just as the daily papers transfer to their columns the articles in foreign newspapers. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages next year an accurate, well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed picture of every memorable event which occurs, and a portrait of every man who attracts the general attention of the people of this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best tales that are written by native and foreign authors. It has already published *A Tale of Two Cities*, by CHARLES DICKENS (with original illustrations drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY); *What will he do with it?* by Sir E. LYTTON BULWER; *The Dead Secret*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *Lois the Witch*, by Mrs. GASKELL; *A Good Fight*, by CHARLES READE: it is now publishing *Trumps*, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and *The Woman in White*, by WILKIE COLLINS. On, or before the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add, that the foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

In addition to serials, each number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain a short complete tale by a native or foreign author. In respect to these tales, as with the serials, the publishers will publish the best that they can obtain, without regarding their origin. They are always ready to give the highest price for original matter; but they will not pass over a first-class tale because it is foreign, in order to print an inferior one which happens to have been written at home.

The other departments of HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to receive careful attention at the hands of the publishers. They will endeavor to combine instruction with amusement, and grave counsel with light comment on the affairs of the day. HARPER'S WEEKLY is not designed to be, nor will it ever become, the organ of any party in politics, religion, or letters; but it will not ignore passing events, nor will it shrink from expressing its sentiments whenever, in the opinion of its conductors, the interests of religion, truth, or the country are jeoparded.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.